

JUL 19 1940

THE WONDER HORSE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE

CA
AUTHORITY

BLACK FURY

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢



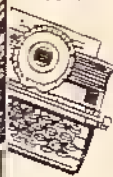
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GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



JUDY and JIM DEFY SAVAGE GORILLA!



RANGER

ACT NOW!

WE TRUST YOU

TELESCOPES

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

POCKET

BE FIRST

WAGON

WAGON

WAGON

22 Caliber

MAIL COUPON

BIG CATALOG!

ACT NOW!

WE TRUST YOU

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., DEPT. 99, TYRONE, PA.

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME **NARFSTAR** AGE _____

ST _____ R.D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT NAME HERE

Poste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 99, Tyrone, Pa. WE ARE RELIABLE!

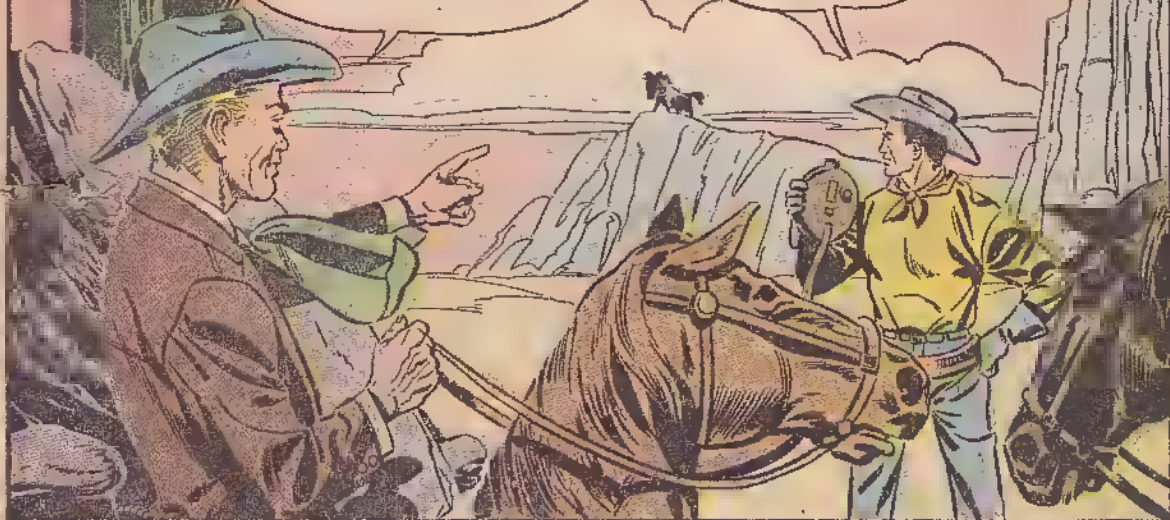
BLACK FURY

The Captive of **MUSTANG** *LONG*

THE PROUD, UNTAMED HEART OF BLACK FURY, KING OF THE WILD HORSES, WOULD BREAK IF HE EVER LOST HIS FREEDOM... BUT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN HE VOLUNTARILY GAVE UP HIS FREEDOM AND BECAME THE CAPTIVE OF MUSTANG LONG, THE GREATEST HORSE HUNTER IN THE WEST! IT BEGAN IN THE ROCKY FOOT-HILLS OF THE WILD HORSE COUNTRY...

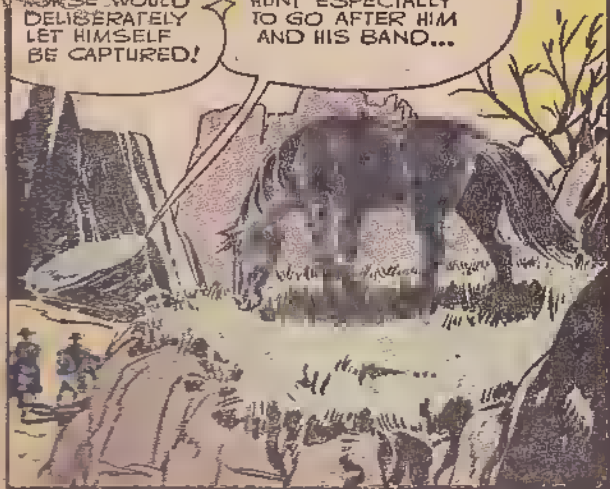
THEY TELL ME YOU'RE THE GREATEST HORSE HUNTER IN THE WEST, MUSTANG -- WHY HAVEN'T YOU TRIED TO GET THAT MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL?

BLACK FURY? LISTEN, MISTER, NO ONE CATCHES BLACK, FURY... UNLESS HE **WANTS** TO BE CAUGHT!



WANTS TO BE CAUGHT? BUT... BUT, NO WILD HORSE WOULD DELIBERATELY LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED!

BLACK FURY DID... AND I GOT HIM! I ORGANIZED A HUNT ESPECIALLY TO GO AFTER HIM AND HIS BAND...



...WE WAITED TILL HIS BUNCH WERE PASSING A BLIND CANYON! I HAD PLENTY OF MEN TO DRIVE THEM...

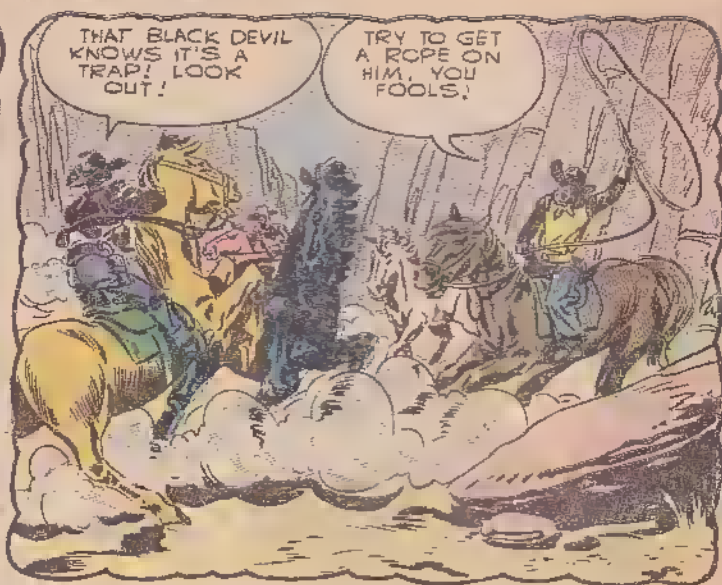
UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS-- DRIVE THEM UP THE CANYON! DON'T LET BLACK FURY GET AWAY!



BLACK FURY



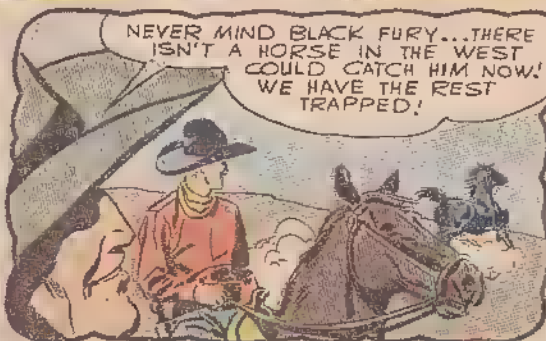
HE'S TRYING TO LEAD THEM OUT OF THE TRAP! CUT THEM OFF!



THAT BLACK DEVIL KNOWS IT'S A TRAP! LOOK OUT!

TRY TO GET A ROPE ON HIM, YOU FOOLS!

"BUT BLACK FURY GOT THROUGH US! I WAS A LITTLE GLAD TO SEE HIM MAKE IT, TOO..."



NEVER MIND BLACK FURY...THERE ISN'T A HORSE IN THE WEST COULD CATCH HIM NOW! WE HAVE THE REST TRAPPED!

"WE STARTED THE DRIVE THE NEXT MORNING...AND BLACK FURY WAS THERE! SLIM KRAGG WAS THE ONE WHO PUT THE ROPE ON HIM..."



GOT HIM! AND THEY SAID HE COULDN'T BE CAUGHT!

"YES, BLACK FURY GOT AWAY... BUT HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF SIGHT FOR THE NEXT TWO DAYS WHILE WE GOT READY TO HERD HIS BAND BACK TO MY HORSE RANCH..."

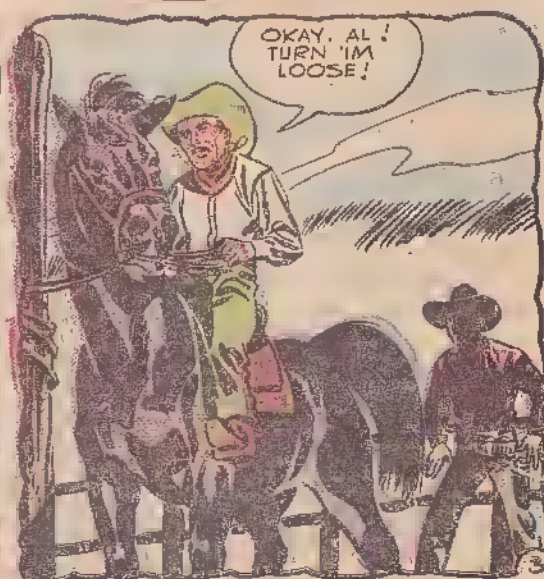
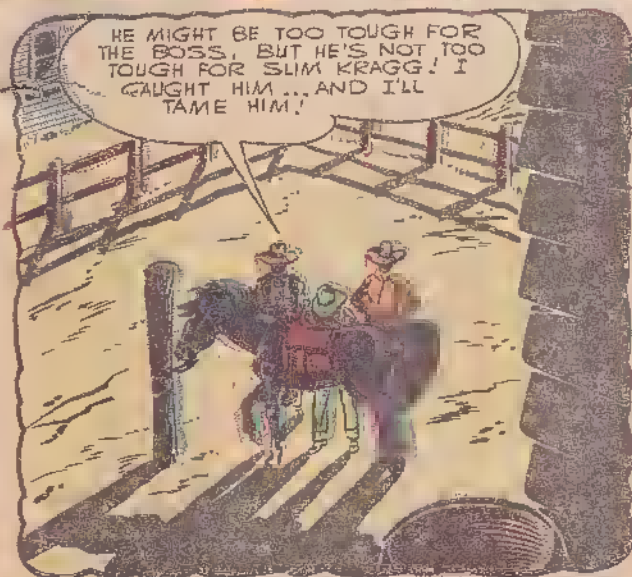
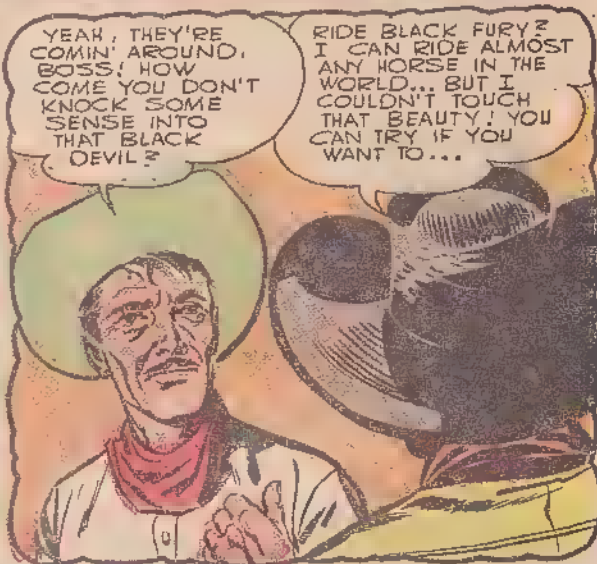
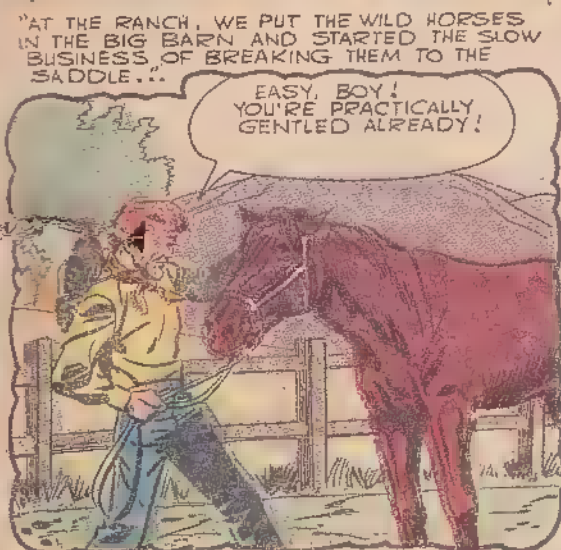
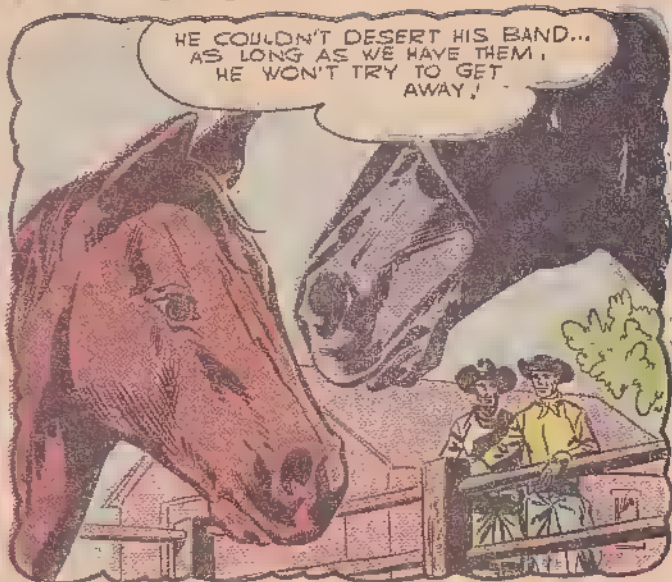
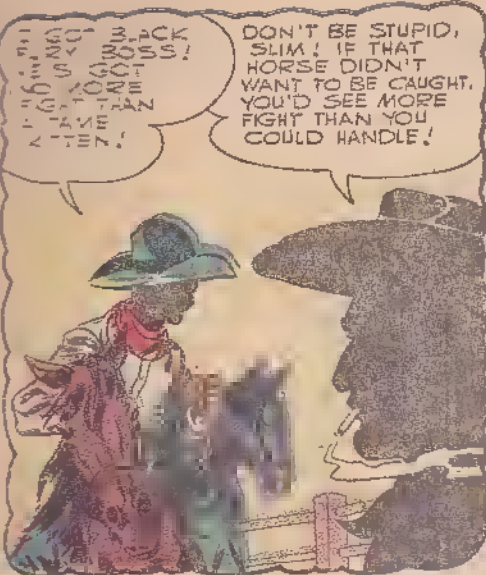


THERE'S THAT BLACK DEVIL AGAIN! WHAT IS HE HANGING AROUND FOR?

POOR DEVIL! WE HAVE HIS BUNCH DOWN HERE... HE'S TOO LOYAL TO DESERT THEM!



BLACK FURY



MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc. No. 240

1.50



RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high. No. 112.

1.98

TRICK BASEBALL

It bounces cockeyed. It curves, it dips it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball. No. 158

50¢



Boomerang

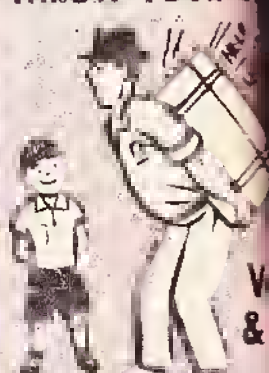
Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys". No. 141

50¢

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind of alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go. No. 146

35¢

THROW YOUR VOICE



Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, anywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth. You'll fool the teacher, your family and have fun doing book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist". No. 137

LOOK BACK SCOPE



WHOOPEE CUS

Place it on a chair cushion, then watch when someone sits on it. It gives forth whoopee noises. Made of rubber, inflatable. A scream for parties and gatherings. No. 247

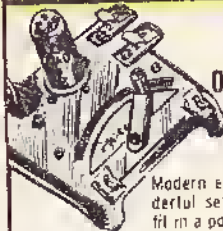
TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when worn up, start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights. No. 513

1.25



POWERFUL MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE



COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio. No. 205

3.98



BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes. No. 216

25¢

Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gift figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. No. 160

6.98



ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM

—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high-power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute. No. 052

Only 50¢



JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless. No. 239

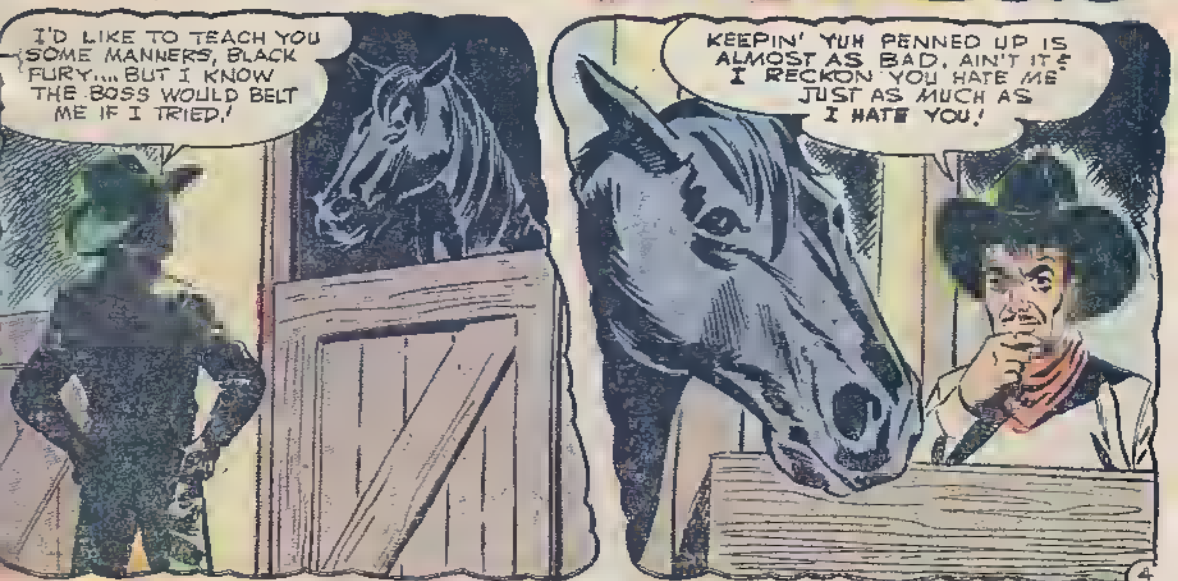
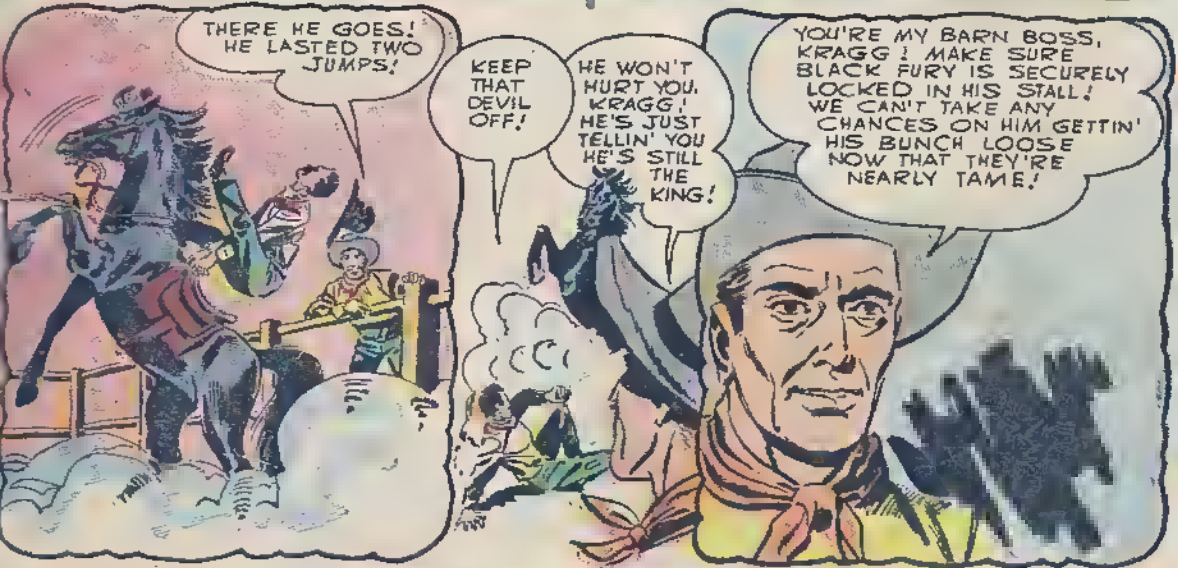
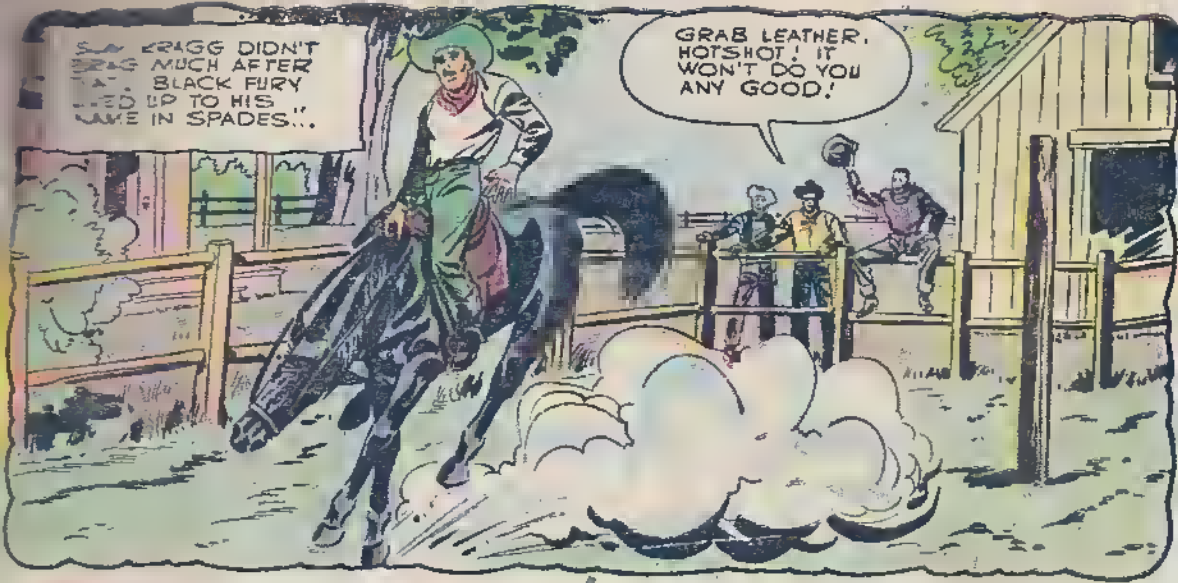
Only 50¢

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y.
Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$5.00.
Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied, return my part of my purchase after 10 days for full refund of the purchase price.

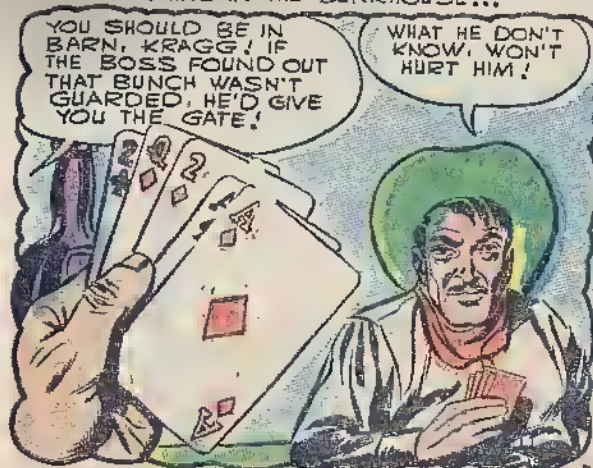
ITEM	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL
<input type="checkbox"/>	I enclose \$_____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.		
<input type="checkbox"/>	Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus 5¢ postage.		
NAME _____			
ADDRESS _____			

BLACK FURY

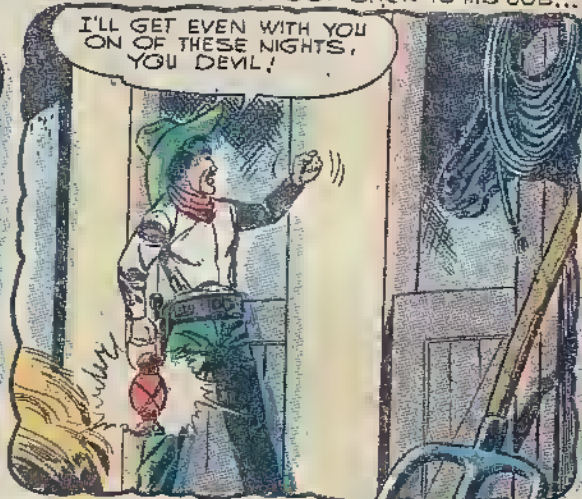


BLACK FURY

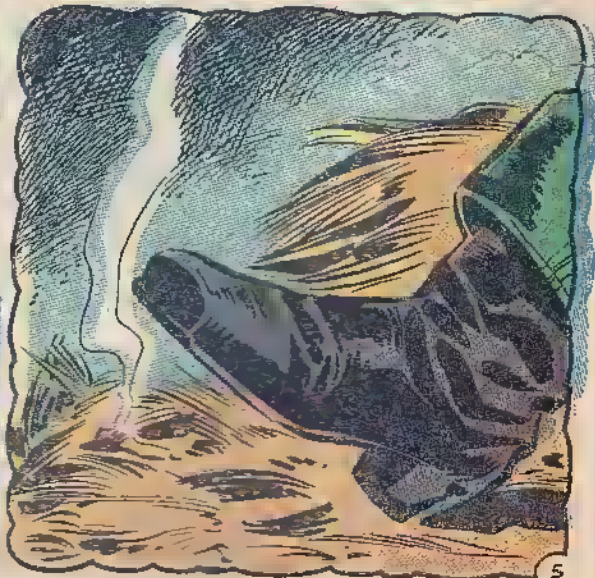
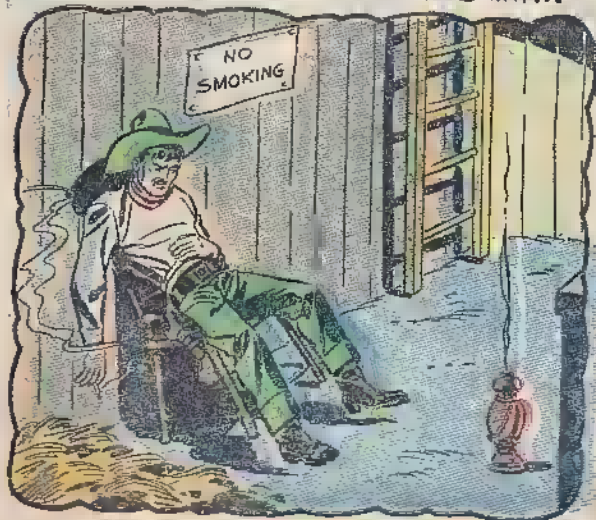
"KRAGG WAS FOOLED... I THOUGHT HE WAS A GOOD BARN BOSS BUT I LEARNED LATER THAT HE NEGLECTED HIS JOB PRETTY OFTEN! THAT NIGHT THERE WAS A POKER GAME IN THE BUNKHOUSE..."



"KRAGG PLAYED POKER MOST OF THE NIGHT. HE WAS ALMOST ASLEEP ON HIS FEET WHEN HE FINALLY GOT BACK TO HIS JOB..."



"BUT KRAGG LEARNED JUST HOW SILLY MY NO SMOKING RULE WAS THE HARD WAY..."

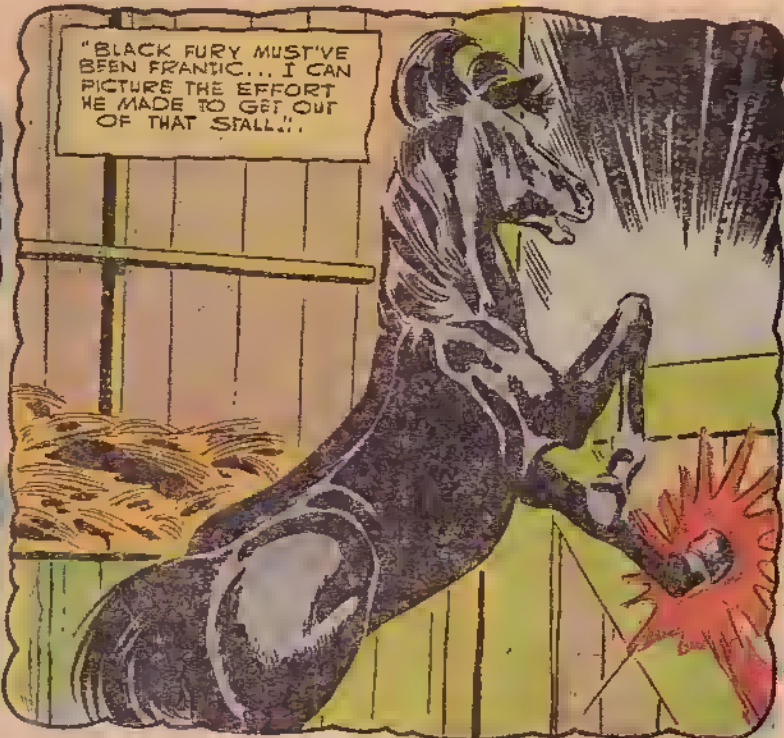


BLACK FURY

"THE LOOSE HAY ON THE FLOOR
SMOLDERED FOR A WHILE... BUT
ONCE IT BURST INTO FLAMES,
IT REALLY WENT FAST."



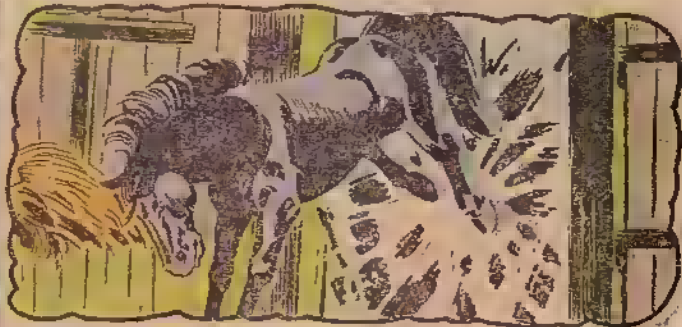
"BLACK FURY MUST'VE
BEEN FRANTIC... I CAN
PICTURE THE EFFORT
HE MADE TO GET OUT
OF THAT STALL..."



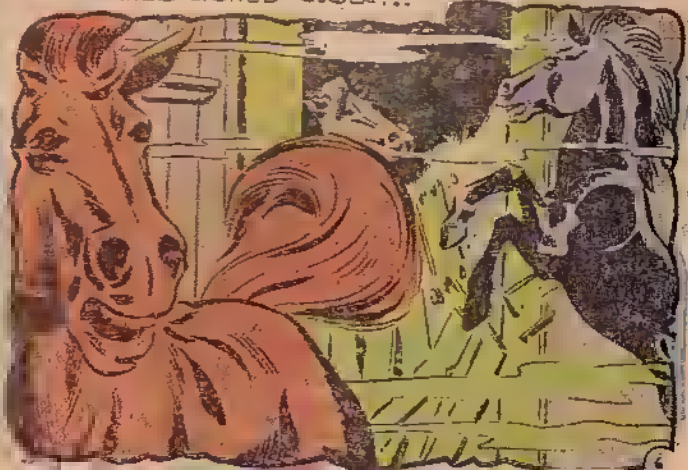
"SMOKE...
SMELL
SMOKE...
MUS' BE
CIGARETTE..."



"BUT BLACK FURY'S DESPERATE STRENGTH WAS
BOUNDLESS! WE FOUND PARTS OF HIS SPLINTER-
ED STALL IN THE CORRAL LATER..."

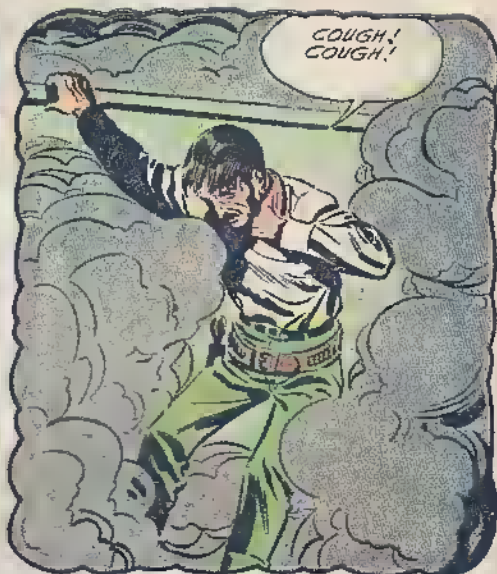
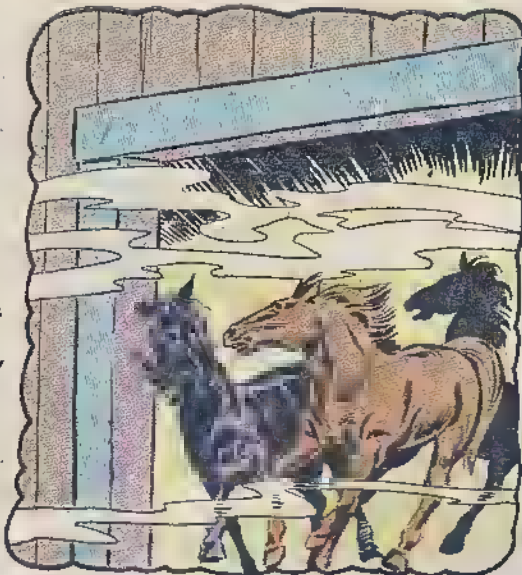


"INSTINCT TOLD HIM TO GET OUT OF THERE FAST. BUT
THE SAME LOYALTY THAT MADE HIM OUR CAPTIVE
KEPT HIM IN THE FLAMING BARN! HE BATTERED DOWN
FIRST ONE AND THEN ANOTHER OF THE STALL DOORS
AS FLAMES LICKED CLOSE..."

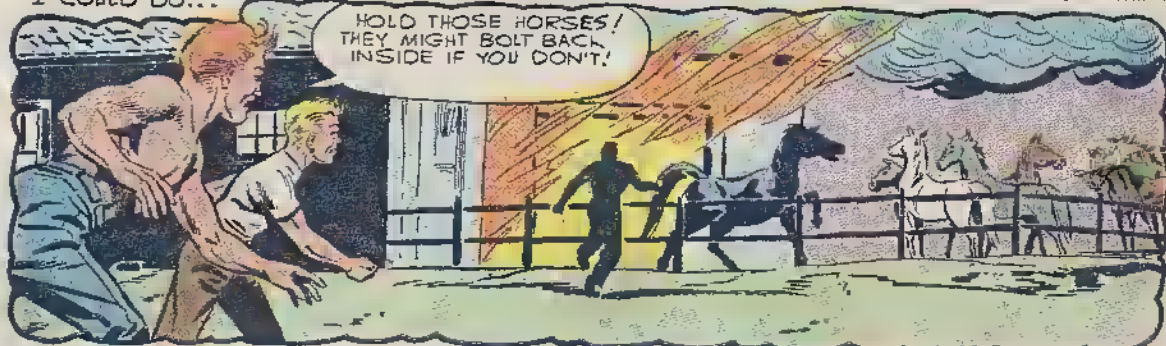


BLACK FURY

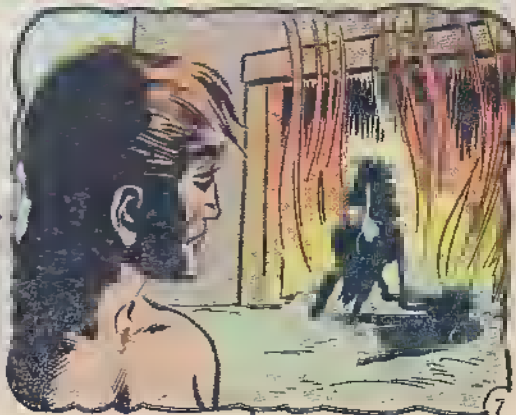
"THE AVERAGE HORSE. IN A FIRE BECOMES SO PANICKED THAT HE OFTEN GOES TOWARD THE FLAMES INSTEAD OF RUNNING FOR SAFETY! BLACK FURY WAS ON THE JOB TO SEE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN THAT NIGHT..."



"BLACK FURY GOT ALL THE HORSES OUT-- BY THAT TIME I WAS OUT OF BED BUT THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO..."



"IT
BROKE
MY HEART
TO SEE
HIM
PLUNGE
BACK
INTO
THE
FLAMES..."



BLACK FURY

UGH!
SMOKE'S ABOUT
GOT ME... **BLACK
FURY**... WHA...

WE'RE BOTH DONE
FOR... CAN'T BREATHE...

THEN, THROUGH A WALL OF FLAME,
HE SAW THE MAGNIFICENT
STALLION... **WALKING** THROUGH
THE FIRE WITH SLIM KRAGG...

WE'D BETTER LOCK UP
THOSE HORSES, BOSS.
OR THEY'LL RUN OFF!

LET 'EM! THEY'RE ALL **BLACK
FURY'S** NOW! HE EARNED THE
RIGHT TO TAKE THEM BACK TO
THEIR RANGE, THE
HARD WAY!

HE WENT BACK
FOR KRAGG! GIVE
ME A HAND, WILL
YOU...



GOOD LUCK,
BLACK FURY!
MAY YOU
NEVER BE
CAUGHT
AGAIN!

"OTHERS HAVE TRIED... BUT **BLACK FURY** ALWAYS
GETS AWAY... AND HIS BAND HAS NEVER
BEEN CAPTURED SINCE THEN EITHER...

HE'S TOO
SLICK FOR
US, BILL...
WE MAY AS
WELL GIVE
UP!

THE
END

BLACK FURY

BLACK FURY

"POWERSMOKE PAYOFF"



HIS HORSE SHOT OUT FROM UNDER HIM... AFOOT ON THE SAVAGE PRAIRIE AND STALKED BY A GANG OF 'GREEDY OUTLYNS', BART WADE OF THE PONY EXPRESS, FACES LONG ODDS AND A

"POWERSMOKE PAYOFF"

HERE COMES THE PONY EXPRESS NOW!

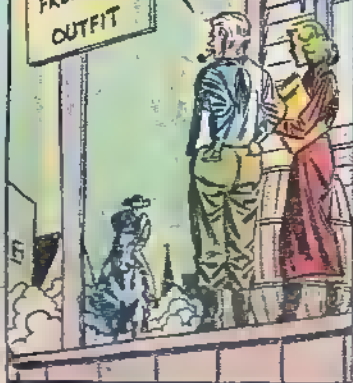
JEFF CABO FREIGHTING OUTFIT

IT'S BART WADE, PA! I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT THE LITTLE MAKE FOR HIM! IT'S HIS FAVORITE REMOUNT!

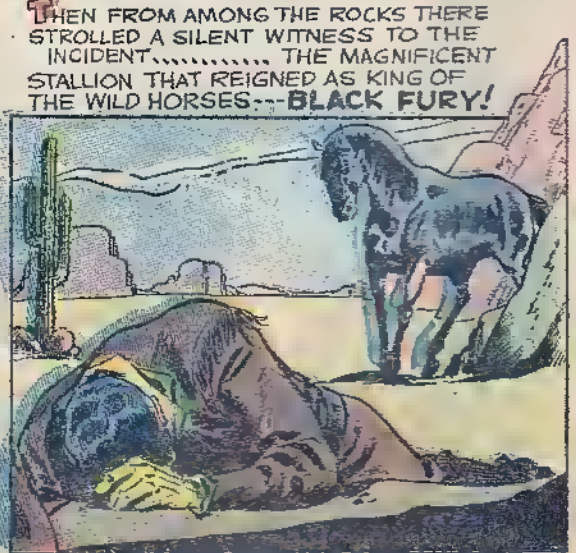
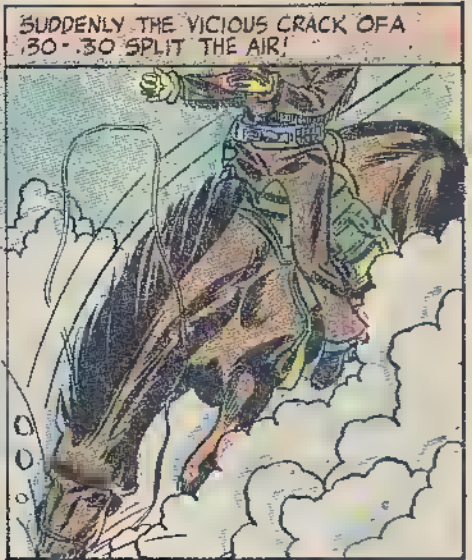
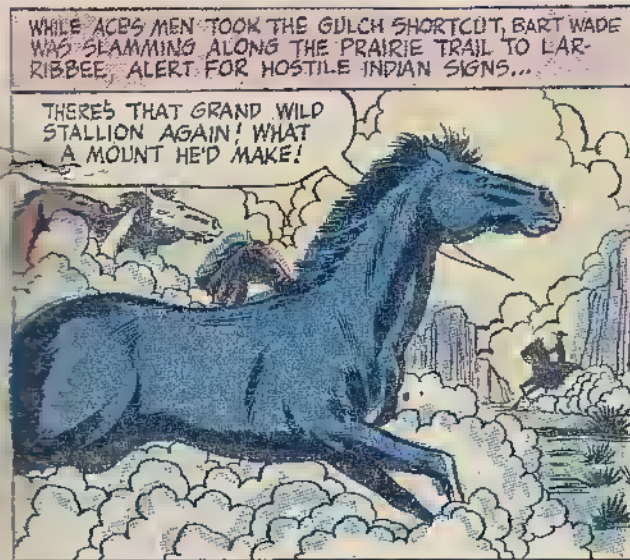
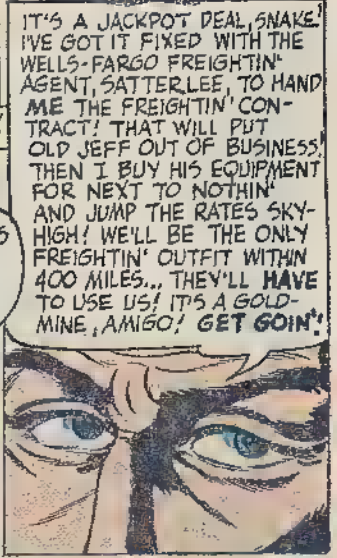
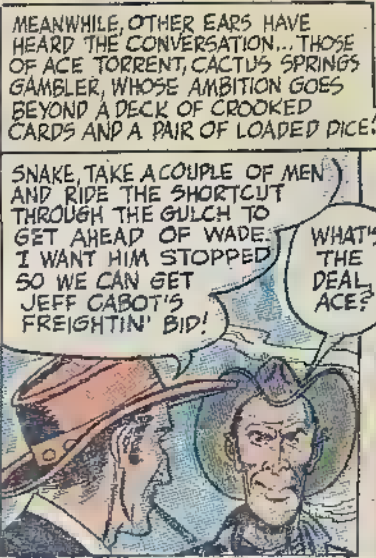
HI, JEFF... MISS HELEN! SAW THAT WILD BLACK STALLION FOLKS CALL "BLACK FURY" ON THE RANGE! HE SURE IS A BEAUTY!

WISH YOU WERE MOUNTED ON HIM, THIS RUN, BART! HE'D SURE GET YOU THROUGH WITH THIS! HERE ENVELOPE!

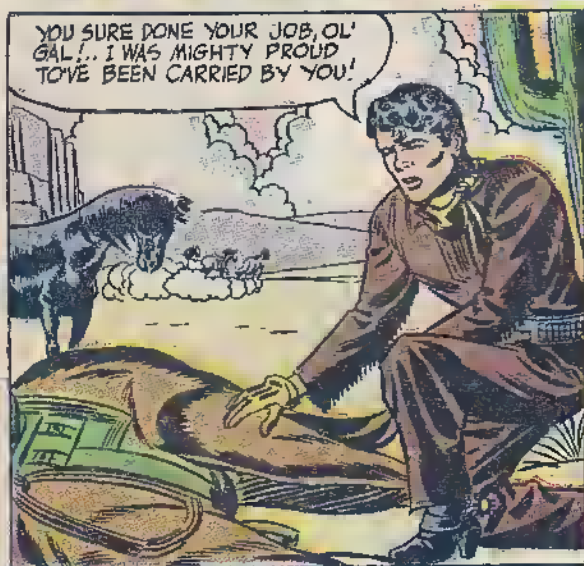
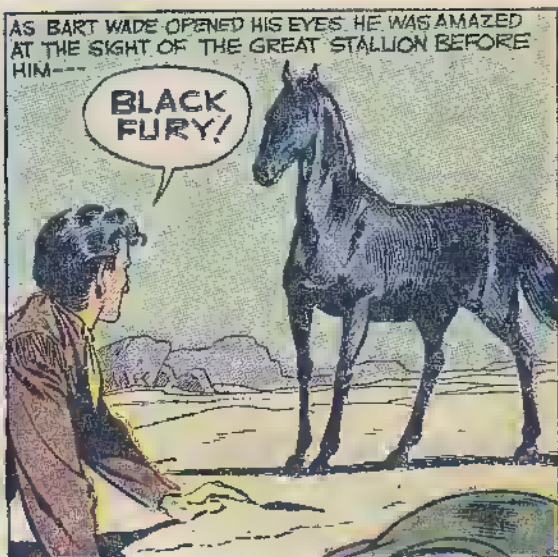
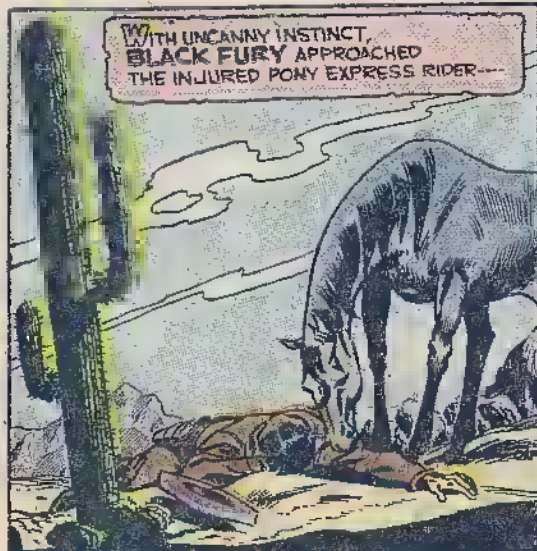
IT'S MY BID FOR THE WELLS FARGO FREIGHTIN' BUSINESS TO LARRIBEE CITY! I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO GIVE IT TO THE AGENT THERE, CASS SATTERLEE! IF THEY DON'T RENEW, I'M BROKE! BOUGHT A LOT OF NEW EQUIPMENT, AND HOSSES... SORTA COUNTIN ON IT! GUESS I SHOULDN'T WORRY THOUGH! AIN'T NOBODY BUT ME FREIGHTIN' IN THESE HERE PARTS!



BLACK FURY

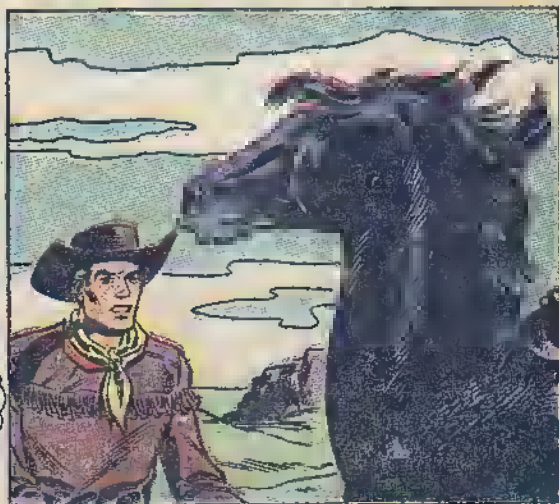


BLACK FURY



BART WADE'S THOUGHTS WERE INTERRUPTED BY A SNORT FROM THE GREAT STALLION---

SLOWLY, CAUTIOUSLY BART APPROACHED... **BLACK FURY!**



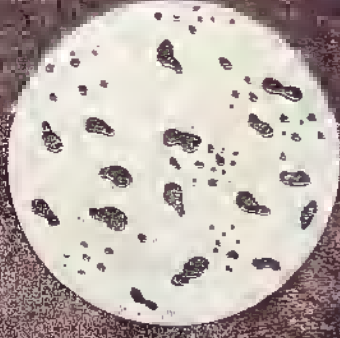
KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS



Staphylococcus albus



Corynebacterium acnes



Pityrosporum ovale

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our **GUARANTEE**. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only \$2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending \$2 with order. **ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. SEND COUPON TODAY!**

WARD LABORATORIES, Dept. 6607-B

119 West 44th St. New York 36, N. Y.

☐ Enclose \$2.00, send prepaid

☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay \$2.00 plus postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

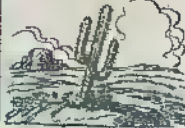
DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

BLACK FURY



WHOA, BOY!

GENTLY
BART WADE
STROKED THE
NECK OF THE
GIANT
STALLION
KNOWING THAT
**BLACK
FURY**
COULD BOLT
FOR FREE-
DOM AT ANY
INSTANT!
THEN HE
LEAPED UPON
HIS BACK!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE!
**BLACK FURY WANTS
TO HELP ME-- OR HE WOULD
THROW ME SKY HIGH!**

WITH THE IMPROVISED HALTER,
WADE RODE BLACK FURY
SLOWLY, ABOUT TO TEST THE
GREAT HORSE AS A MOUNT---



HE SEEMS TO
UNDERSTAND,
PERFECTLY!

I'LL CHANGE THE SADDLE
TO YOUR BACK AND WE'LL
BE OFF, FELLER... OFF
FOR LARRIBEE CITY!



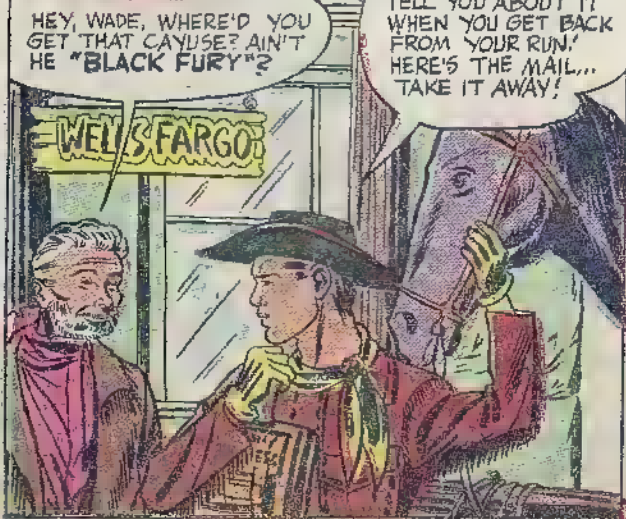
IT TOOK ONLY A FEW MINUTES
TO MAKE THE CHANGE AND BART
WADE WAS OFF WITH THE
MAILS AND JEFF CABOT'S
FREIGHTING BID, ONCE MORE...

WHAT A STRIDE! **BLACK FURY**!
WE'LL HIT LARRIBEE ON
TIME, EVEN WITH THAT
DELAY!



HOURS LATER...

HEY, WADE, WHERE'D YOU
GET THAT CAYUSE? AIN'T
HE "BLACK FURY"?



HE SURE IS, ART! I'LL
TELL YOU ABOUT IT
WHEN YOU GET BACK
FROM YOUR RUN!
HERE'S THE MAIL...
TAKE IT AWAY!

WHY WADE... I DIDN'T
EXPECT... ER... I MEAN,
I SEE YOU MADE IT
ON TIME!



THAT'S RIGHT,
SATTERLEE! AND I'VE GOT
JEFF CABOT'S
BID WITH ME!
HERE IT IS!

POW
EXPRESS

BLACK FURY

WHILE WADE GROOMED THE GREAT
WILD STALLION, THE AGENT, CASS
SATTERLEE WENT INTO ACTION.

ACE TORRENT PROMISED THIS
BID WOULDN'T COME THROUGH!
WELL, THEY CAN'T PROVE I
GOT IT IF IT'S DESTROYED!

JAKE! JAKE!



YEAH! WHAT'S
UP, BOSS?

SADDLE ME THE
FASTEST HORSE
YOU'VE GOT, AND
IF WADE WANTS
A HORSE FOR
ANY REASON,
TELL HIM THERE
A- NONE
AT ALL!

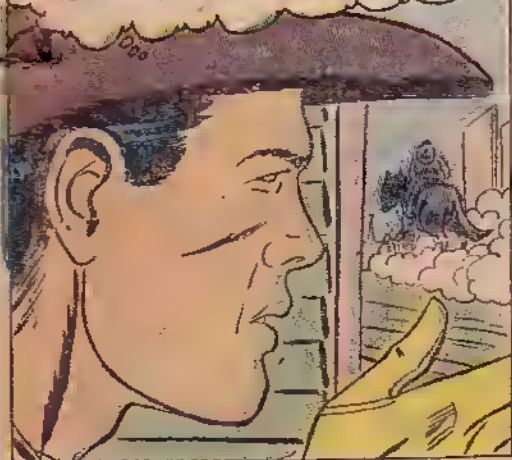


MOMENTS LATER

YAWN! AH, NOW
FOR SOME
SHUT-EYE!



HMMMM, WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO SEND
SATTERLEE SO ALL-FIRED SUDDEN UP THE
CACTUS SPRINGS TRAIL! WELL, IT'S
NONE OF MY BUSINESS!



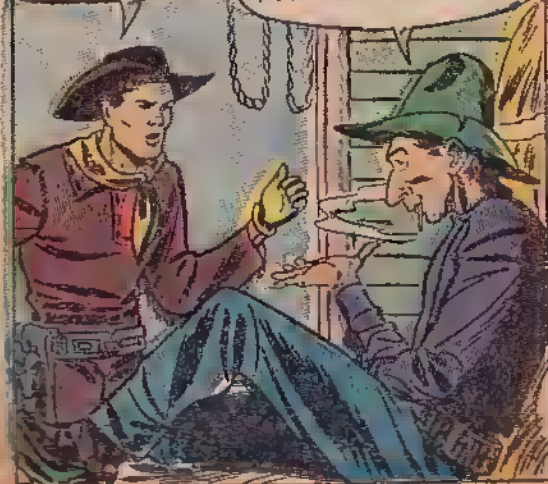
BUT A VAGRANT
WIND BLEW
THE ASHES
AND A SMALL
UNBURNED
BIT OF JEFF
CABOT'S
FREIGHTING
BID TOWARD
WADE'S BOOTS
...AND IN THAT
INSTANT, SAT-
TERLEE'S DASH
UP THE
CACTUS
SPRINGS
TRAIL
BECAME
WADE'S
BUSINESS!

WHY, THAT'S OL' JEFF'S SIGNATURE!
IT MUST BE HIS B.I.D. ... AND IT'S
BURNT! THIS IS BEGINNING TO
FORM A PATTERN! THOSE MEN WHO
THREW DOWN ON ME ON THE TRAIL
WEREN'T JUST MAIL ROBBERS...
THEY WERE OUT TO STOP THIS
BID! AND SATTERLEE MUST BE IN
ON IT! I'M GOING TO GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

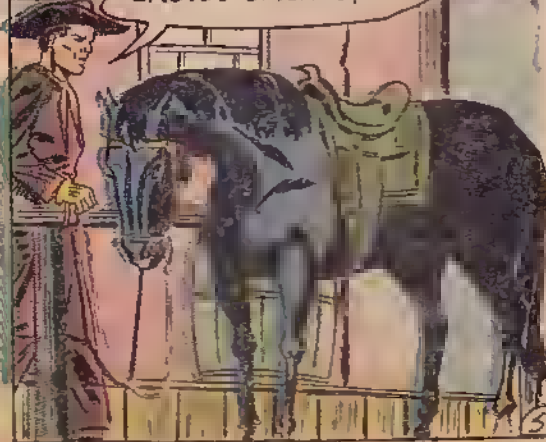


JAKE, I WANT A
FAST HORSE!

SORRY, WADE! AIN'T GOT
A CAYUSE IN THE BARN
THAT AIN'T STOVE UP!



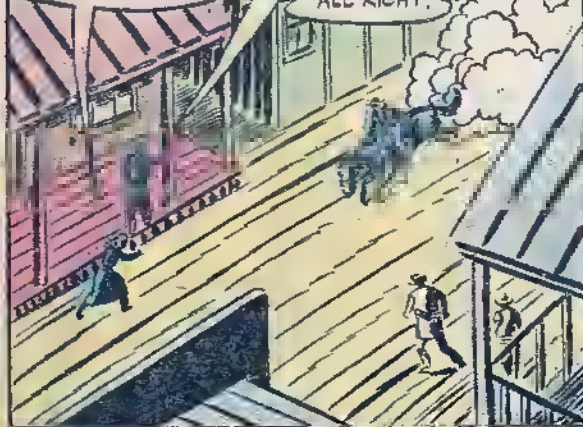
WELL, YOU BLACK DEMON, I HATE TO DO THIS
AFTER THE LONG RIDE UP HERE, BUT YOU'RE
GOIN' TO HAVE TO PROVE YOUR METTLE.
YOU'RE CARRYING ME BACK TO
CACTUS SPRINGS!



BLACK FURY

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AFTER A FURIOUS RIDE, SATTERLEE ENTERED CACTUS SPRINGS...

PA, IT'S THE AGENT SATTERLEE! RECKON HE'S COME TO TELL ME MY BID WAS ALL RIGHT!



WELL, SATTERLEE, WHEN DO YOU WANT YOUR FIRST LOAD FREIGHTED AN' WHERE TO?

SORRY, CABOT, YOU DON'T GET THE FREIGHTING CONTRACT! ACE TORRENT HERE WAS LOW BIDDER!



BUT... BUT ACE AIN'T NO FREIGHTER! HE HASN'T EVEN GOT ANY EQUIPMENT!

BUT I WILL HAVE, JEFF! YOU'RE GOIN' TO SELL ME YOURS... AND AT MY PRICE, BECAUSE YOU'RE BROKE, AND WITHOUT THE WELLS-FARGO

CONTRACT, OUR EQUIPMENT ISN'T OF ANY USE TO YOU!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND..!

WAIT, PA! DON'T YOU SEE... THIS IS A COOKED UP DEAL! MR. SATTERLEE, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT ACE TORRENT'S BID WAS!

I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT, MISS, IT'S NOT ETHICAL!

YOU TALK OF ETHICS! I DEMAND TO KNOW!

HA, HA! GO AHEAD, SATTERLEE... TELL THEM... TELL THEM!

BUT ACE... I... ALL RIGHT! ACE TORRENT'S BID WAS FIVE DOLLARS!



FIVE DOLLARS! BUT MY LOW BID WAS ONLY \$2 A POUND!

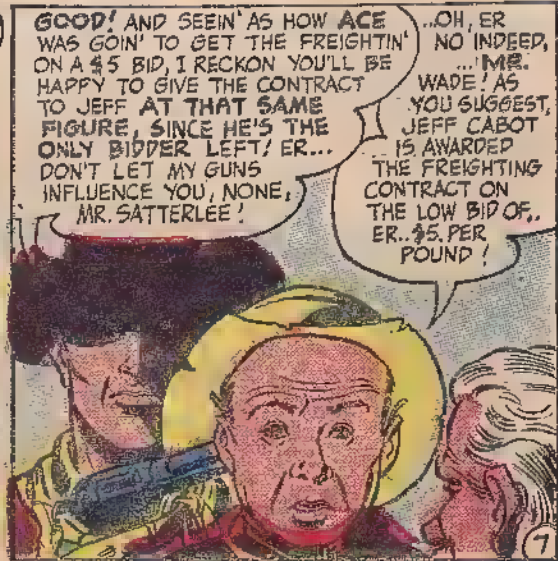
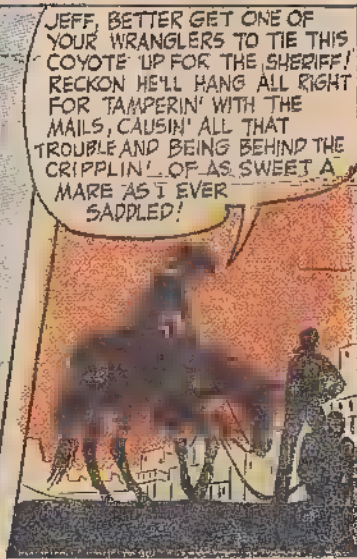
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE WHAT IT WAS, IF IT NEVER GOT THERE! HA! HA! HA!

AS A MATTER OF FACT IT ALMOST DIDN'T GET THERE! BUT HOW WOULD YOU KNOW THAT, ACE... UNLESS YOU WERE THE HOMBRE THAT SET THOSE MEN ON ME?

WADE! GET HIM MEN... SHUT HIS MOUTH ---!



BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY



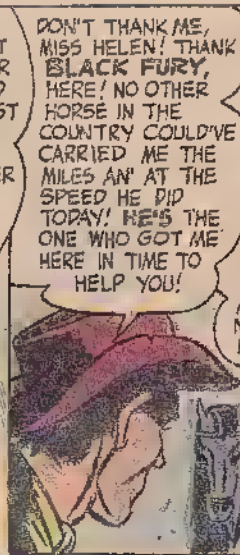
I'M GLAD YOU SEE IT MY WAY MR. SATTERLEE!

YES, NOW, GENTLEMEN, IF YOU DON'T MIND I HAVE SOME URGENT BUSINESS IN LARRIBEE CITY! GOOD DAY!



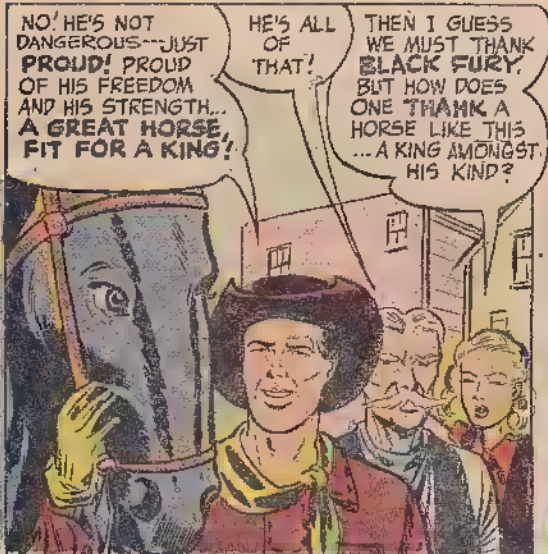
HA, HA, HA! NEVER SAW A FELLER SO SCARED IN ALL MY BORN DAYS! HE'LL BE FIXIN TO WRITE ME A CONTRACT FOR THE NEXT 40 YEARS WITH THAT FRIGHT A'RIDIN' HIM

BART, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, WE'D HAVE LOST EVERY-THING! HOWEVER CAN WE THANK YOU?



DON'T THANK ME, MISS HELEN! THANK **BLACK FURY**, HERE! NO OTHER HORSE IN THE COUNTRY COULD'VE CARRIED ME THE MILES AN' AT THE SPEED HE DID TODAY! HE'S THE ONE WHO GOT ME HERE IN TIME TO HELP YOU!

SAY, THAT IS **BLACK FURY**. IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE HIM! **GLORY BE, BART!** HOW'D YOU EVER GET AHOOLD OF HIM? NOBODY'S EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET NEAR HIM! HE'S DANGEROUS!



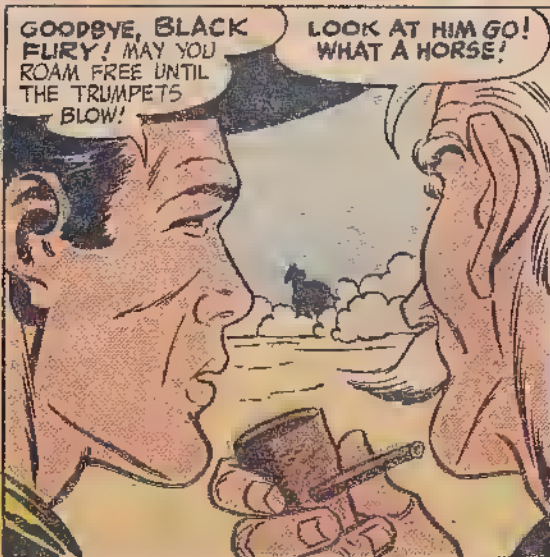
NO! HE'S NOT DANGEROUS---JUST **PROUD!** PROUD OF HIS FREEDOM AND HIS STRENGTH... A GREAT HORSE, FIT FOR A KING!

HE'S ALL OF THAT!

THEN I GUESS WE MUST THANK **BLACK FURY**. BUT HOW DOES ONE THANK A HORSE LIKE THIS... A KING AMONGST HIS KIND?



LIKE THIS! BY SENDING HIM BACK TO HIS KINGDOM! HE COULD NEVER BE HAPPY AS A SLAVE TO MAN! HE NEEDS HIS FREEDOM... THE WILD, UNBRIDLED LIFE HE WAS BORN TO!



GOODBYE, **BLACK FURY!** MAY YOU ROAM FREE UNTIL THE TRUMPETS BLOW!

LOOK AT HIM GO! WHAT A HORSE!



RECKON I'LL GET SOME SLEEP NOW! WAKE ME FOR THE EAST-BOUND ROUTE, JEFF!

YUP, HE'S ONE IN A MILLION!

YES, PA! ONE IN A MILLION...AND THEN SOME!

THE END



APACHE FRONTIER

A True Western Feature



THE stagecoach, drawn by four horses, careened down the ribbon road that twisted across the desert. Clouds of dust streamed into the air behind the stage, but the dust did not obscure the lithe riders that were bearing down on the stage. Apache warriors!

Plying his whip with desperation, the driver glanced over his shoulder. The heavy rifle in the stage guard's hands boomed! A feathered brave toppled into the dust. But the others came on.

"It's no use, Jim!" the driver shouted. "We're goners . . ."

His words trailed off. The heavy reins fell from suddenly lifeless hands as he pitched over the side, a bullet in his chest! The guard tried to grab the reins, seeing the Apaches swarming in from all sides, hearing their shrill whoops. He fired one last desperate shot before a bullet struck.

Soon all was quiet on the desert. The dust settled slowly, peacefully, but the smoke from the burning stage rose in thin spirals. Once again the followers of Cochise, Chief of the Chiricahuas Apaches, had been victorious!

The big man sat at his desk, his fingers drumming on the desk top, a frown between his blue eyes. He ran his hands up his red beard and through his bright red, bushy hair. He turned and spoke to the man who sat intently watching him.

"I'm going to see Cochise!"

The other gasped, his eyes widening. "You're crazy Tom Jeffords! You go into that Indian's camp and he'll have your scalp hanging from his belt within five minutes!"

Tom Jeffords grunted. "Maybe. Maybe not. I must try it!" He pounded the table. "Do you realize that Cochise's warriors are killing off our drivers and guards faster than we can get them? If I can't persuade Cochise to stop this carnage there won't be any more mail service between Bowie and Tucson."

Jeffords' friend knew there was no use arguing with the adamant mail superintendent. And if anyone could reach Cochise, Jeffords was the man, for the redman trusted him.

As he rode, alone, toward the dark bulk of

the Graham Mountains, where he knew the powerful Apache Chief had his summer camp. Jeffords felt unsure; perhaps, he felt some fear. No white man had ever dared go into Cochise's country before.

The day was quiet and beautiful, he thought. Then he squinted his eyes against the sun. There in the blue distance spirals of smoke moved lazily upward. Apache smoke signals! They had discovered that a white man rode alone, into Apache country!

Unhesitating and unhurried, he went on, passing from the desert into low foothills that were covered with scrubby pine and cedar. He could not turn back. He must make peace with Cochise so that the Arizona Territory could keep its young men alive, so that the frontier country could grow.

Suddenly, from out of nowhere, an Indian scout stepped out to block Jeffords' passage. The brave's dark face was sullen as he pointed a new rifle at the white man.

"Where do you ride, Red Whiskers?" he asked in Spanish.

To the camp of your great Chief, Cochise," Jeffords answered slowly, without fear. "I come to smoke the pipe of peace."

"I know of you," the scout replied. "But many white men have talked of peace with crooked tongues."

"Have I ever lied to you?" Jeffords demanded.

The Indian shook his head. "I will signal the next guard to let Red Whiskers pass unharmed."

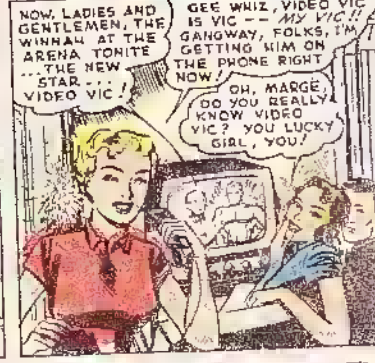
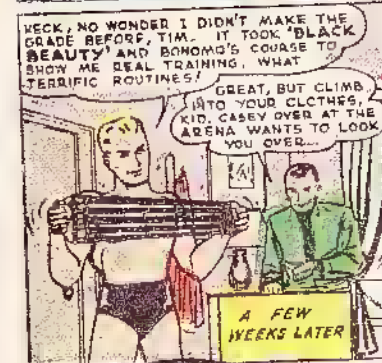
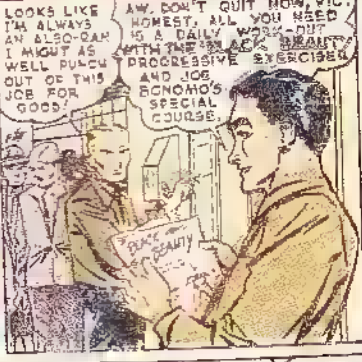
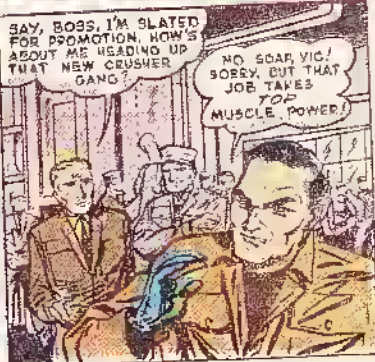
Tom Jeffords rode on, and ahead of him the smoke signals spiraled upward, warning the Indian scouts and Cochise.

Jeffords felt his hair, pushing back his big sombrero. He grinned, and spoke aloud. "If I get out of this alive, I must have the luck of forty Irishmen."

Toward nightfall, in the high, timbered country, he entered Cochise's encampment. It was an orderly camp. And none of the braves, old men, women and children showed surprise. The smoke signals had told them that Red Whiskers was coming.

Jeffords dismounted unhurriedly and handed his rifle, pistol and knife to an old squaw whose dark eyes were filled with hatred. He

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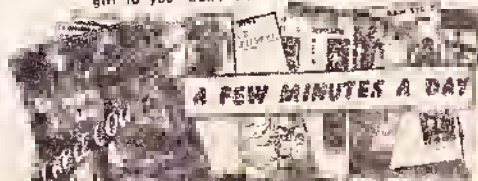
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walked toward the largest tepee in the center of the camp, and out of the corner of his eyes, he saw the braves finger the knives they wore.

As he stooped to enter the low flap of the tepee, he felt a tremor of fear. Cochise sat, cross-legged, near a small fire. He did not look up as the white man entered. Jeffords had met the Chief and talked with him before, but Cochise had been on white man's territory.

He sat down, and silently, studied the dark, intelligent face without appearing to do so. He was remembering that not long ago Cochise had been friendly with the white invaders. This was before 1860 when Cochise's tribesmen hauled wood for the Overland Stage Company and had grown to like and trust Captain Jeffords.

Then it happened! A greenhorn Army Lieutenant arrested Cochise and four of his followers for a crime they did not commit.

"Turn Cochise loose or we will have all the Indians on the warpath," Jeffords had begged the Army officer.

The Lieutenant refused. Later, Cochise managed to escape and took with him two prospectors to trade to the Army for his four men. The officer would not trade. The Indian Agent would not talk to Cochise and was held prisoner. In trying to escape the Agent was killed. And in a fit of rage, the Army officer hanged the four Indians. Cochise hanged the two prospectors and the Indian war was on!

"Never again will the Apaches try to live in peace with the white man," the Apache Chief vowed with terrible anger.

A sigh of despair almost escaped Jeffords, now. Slowly, he spoke. "I come to talk of peace, Cochise."

Silently, Cochise passed the long peace pipe to the white man. A half-smile moved his tight pressed lips.

"You are a brave man and a foolish one to come here," he said in Spanish.

"I had hoped you would remember that I speak with a straight tongue—that I have wanted to keep peace." He puffed the pipe. "Now, I speak for myself, though it is selfish. I want to run my mails in peace."

Cochise said nothing for a long time. When a squaw came in, he told her to bring food and drink. Then the white man and the redman ate and drank together as they talked. Once again Jeffords was amazed at the vast knowledge and wisdom of the Indian leader. Had he been born of different skin, he would have been a great leader in our country.

At last Cochise spoke the words that brought joy into Jeffords' eyes. "You have my promise that never again will my braves harm your stagecoaches."

ships in the old West. In the years that followed, Jeffords often visited Cochise. And in time, the white man became the blood-brother of the Indian Chief. It was an honor that few white men achieved.

All across Arizona Territory, the Apaches killed and raided. But Jeffords' stages went through, unharmed. One day a high-ranking Army official came to see Jeffords.

"You must help us," the officer begged. "If we don't stop Cochise, soon Arizona will have no people left—except these redskins! You're a friend of Cochise. Help us take him captive. Maybe we can force him to stop this stupid war."

Jeffords paled with anger. "Cochise is your enemy because of the stupidity of one officer! Do you think I would help you make another stupid mistake?"

He talked to Cochise about it, and he watched the deep sadness on the dark face, and heard the sadness in his voice.

"The Apaches have lost against the invasion of the white man," Cochise murmured. "But my people would rather die than become slaves of the white race."

The Indian wars raged on. Jeffords knew that the Army officer was right—that soon there would be no whites left in Arizona Territory. He must do something! But he would not betray Cochise.

It was Jeffords, finally, who brought about peace between the white men and the Chiricahuas Apaches. He took General Howard, alone, and unarmed, to talk peace. Cochise and his tribe agreed to settle on a reservation provided that Jeffords was appointed Indian Agent.

Jeffords accepted the job because it would be the one sure way in seeing that the Indians were treated fairly. Peace reigned for a time. Other Apache Chiefs made futile wars later, but Cochise and his tribe kept their word.

In later years, Cochise was afflicted with a strange disease that baffled doctors. One night he sent for his friend and bloodbrother, Tom Jeffords.

"I am going to die, my friend," he said. "I do not regret it, except for my people. Promise me that you will look after them."

He sent to the nearest Army post for a doctor, but it was too late—Cochise died at sunrise the next day.

Somewhere on the western slopes of his stronghold in the Chiricahuas, Cochise was buried in an unmarked grave. No white man, except Jeffords, ever knew the site of the grave. And he never would tell anyone. His friend must rest in the peace that only death could bring.

Thus was begun one of the strangest friend-

THE END

BLACK FURY

LITTLE COW GAL

in "STAMPEDE AT HORSESHOE CANYON!"

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE THAT HERD GOES OVER THIS CLIFF! I HAVE TO TURN THEM BACK SOMEHOW -- BUT FAST!

THE POUNDING HOOFS OF A MADDENED HERD FILLS THE AIR WITH A THUNDEROUS BEAT! ONE PERSON ALONE STANDS BETWEEN THEM AND THEIR DESTRUCTION! LITTLE COW GAL... FEARLESS, RESOURCEFUL CHAMPION FOR RIGHT... HER BLAZING GUNS AND QUICK BRAIN HER ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST THE--

"STAMPEDE AT HORSESHOE CANYON!"

ON A WARM, SPRING AFTERNOON, THE PEACEFUL CALM OF A WESTERN RANGE IS PIERCED BY THE SHARP WHINE OF A SPEEDING BULLET...

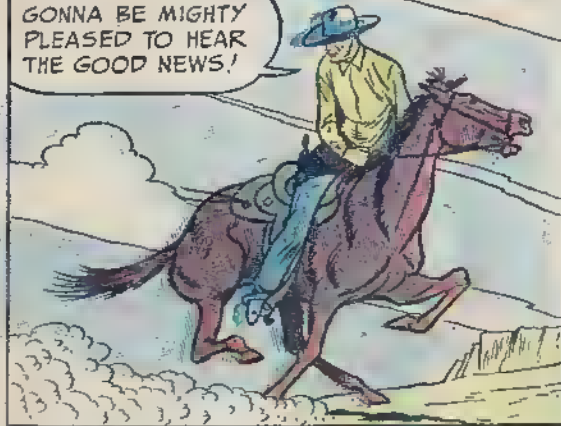
OH-H-H!

THAT'S WHAT I CALL PRETTY FANCY SHOOTIN'! PICKED HIM OFF AS SLICK AS A WHISTLE, TOO!

BLACK FURY

SATISFIED WITH HIS WORK, THE SMUG AMBUSER GALLOPS OFF...

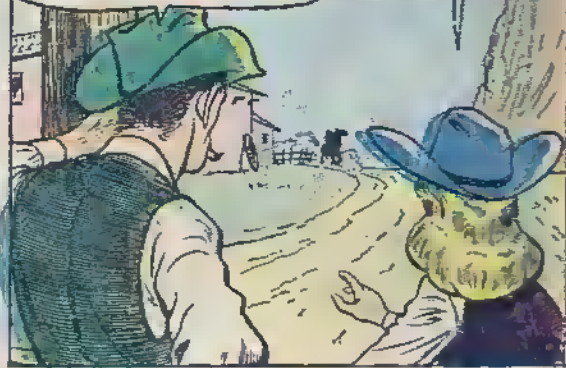
LET'S GO, BOY!
THE BOSS IS
GONNA BE MIGHTY
PLEASED TO HEAR
THE GOOD NEWS!



LATER THAT SAME AFTERNOON AT THE BAR M... RANCH, THE BAR M...

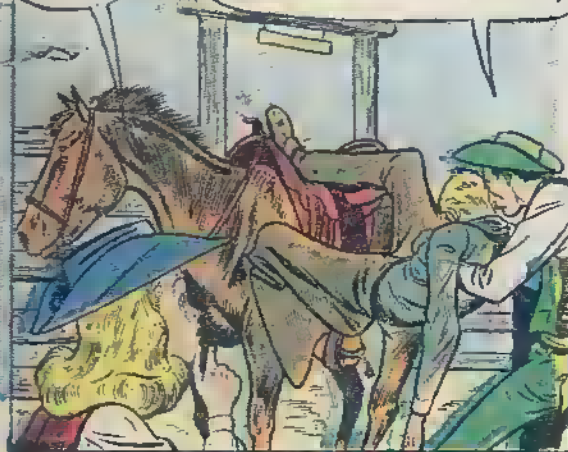
A RIDER COMING THIS
WAY! CAN'T MAKE HIM
OUT TOO WELL FROM
HERE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE...

IT'S DAD--AND
SOMETHING'S WRONG!
C'MON, CHARLIE!



DAD...
DAD!

I'LL GET HIM INTO THE HOUSE! YOU
FETCH DOC HAWKINS! TELL HIM IT'S
A MATTER OF... LIFE OR DEATH!



WHILE THE DOCTOR WORKS OVER THE STRICKEN
MAN, LITTLE COW GAL AND CHARLIE KEEP AN
ANXIOUS VIGIL OUTSIDE HIS ROOM...

W-WHY WOULD ANYONE SHOOT
DAD? HE'S BEEN A GOOD FRIEND
TO EVERY MAN IN THE VALLEY!
HE NEVER HARMED...

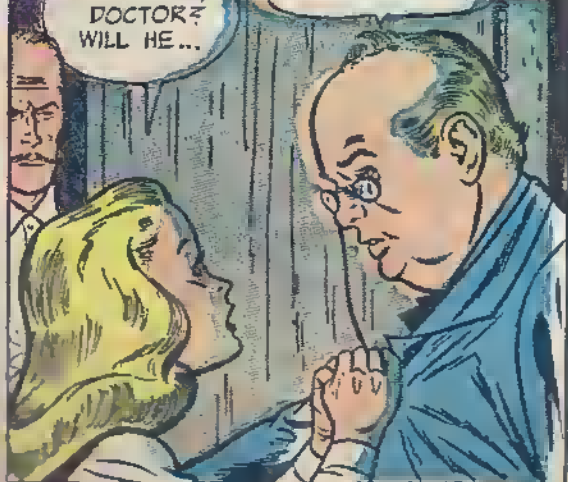
TAKE IT
EASY NOW,
GAL!



THEN...

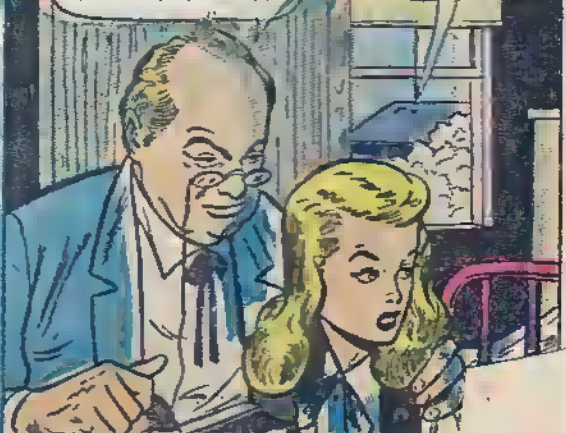
HOW IS HE,
DOCTOR?
WILL HE...

HE'LL LIVE... BUT THAT
BULLET CAME MIGHTY CLOSE
TO HIS HEART!



YOU CAN GO IN NOW FOR A
FEW MINUTES-- HE'S BEEN
ASKING FOR YOU! I'LL STOP
BY IN THE MORNING FOR
ANOTHER LOOK!

T-THANKS,
DOCTOR...
FOR
EVERYTHING!



BLACK FURY

MOMENTS LATER...

IT'S BEEN SUCH A SHOCK, DAD! WAITING OUTSIDE THAT DOOR HOUR AFTER HOUR... NOT KNOWING WHETHER YOU WERE GOING TO LIVE OR NOT--

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, HONEY! WHY, OLD DOC HAWKINS SAYS I'M TOUGHER'N DRIED BUFFALO MEAT!

MEBBE THE TIME AIN'T RIGHT TO ASK THIS, HENRY-- BUT THE QUICKER WE FIND OUT, THE BETTER! D'YA HAVE ANY IDEA WHO DID THE SHOOTIN'?

NO, CHARLIE! I NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT ME!

BUT WHAT I DO KNOW IS THAT MY BEIN' LAID UP IS GOIN' TO COMPLICATE THINGS PLENTY! I SIGNED TO DELIVER OUR LONGHORNS TO ABILENE BY THE END OF THE MONTH! IF WE'RE LATE-- EVEN BY A DAY... THE DEAL'S OFF!

I CAN HELP, DAD!

THANKS, HONEY-- BUT I DON'T RECKON THAT DRIVIN' CATTLE OVER THE CHISHOLM TRAIL IS A JOB FOR A LITTLE GAL!

I'VE BEEN FOREMAN OF THE BAR M FOR A LONG TIME! I'LL DO MY BEST TO GIT THEM CATTLE INTO ABILENE ON TIME!

THANKS, CHARLIE! THIS SALE MEANS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STAYIN' ON OR LOSIN' THE BAR M!

LATER...

THEY WON'T LET ME HELP JUST BECAUSE I'M A GIRL! DAD'S IN A REAL JAM, AND I DON'T INTEND TO LET HIM DOWN!

BLACK FURY

THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN LITTLE COW GAL MAKES A TRIP TO TOWN...

THAT'S WHAT I CALL A RAW DEAL! ALL THE COWHANDS LEAVE FOR THE ROUNDUP, WHILE I'M GIVEN THE CHORE OF BUYIN' STAPLES! A LOT OF HELP I AM TO DAD!



LET'S SEE... POTATOES, TWO SACKS OF -- HUH?

DID YA HEAR THE NEWS? MASON'S HERD IS MOVING OUT TONIGHT!

IT IS?



CAUTIOUSLY, SHE EDGES FORWARD AND...

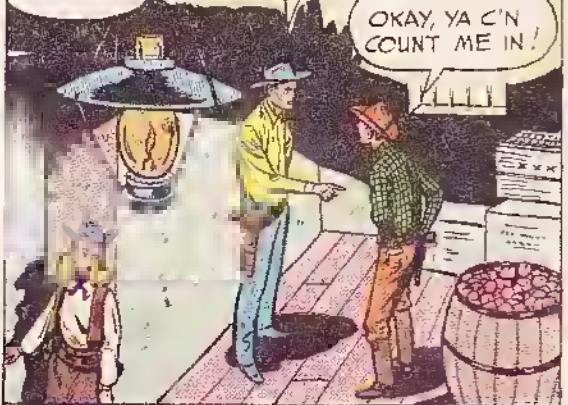
YOU KNOW HOW THE BOSS FEELS ABOUT THIS! HE'S OUT TO STOP THAT HERD NO MATTER WHAT!

YOU'RE NOT TELLIN' ME ANYTHIN' I DON'T ALREADY KNOW! WHAT'S THE NEW PITCH?



KANTRILL WANTS ALL THE BOYS TO MEET AT THE SHACK DOWN BY SKULL CREEK! HE'S GOT SOME PLAN COOKIN' BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT! ANYWAY GET THERE AROUND SEVEN!

OKAY, YA C'N COUNT ME IN!



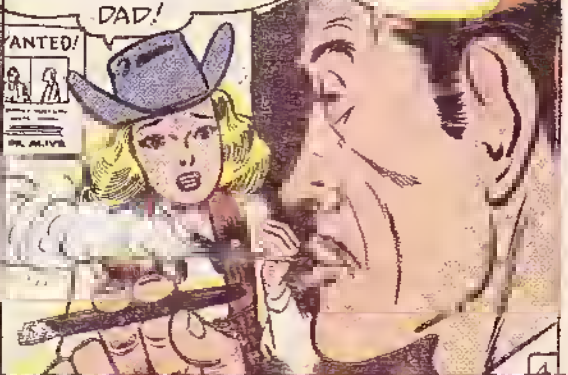
I BETTER TELL THIS TO THE SHERIFF!



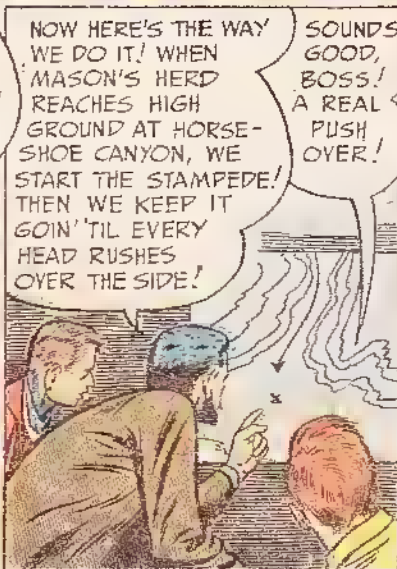
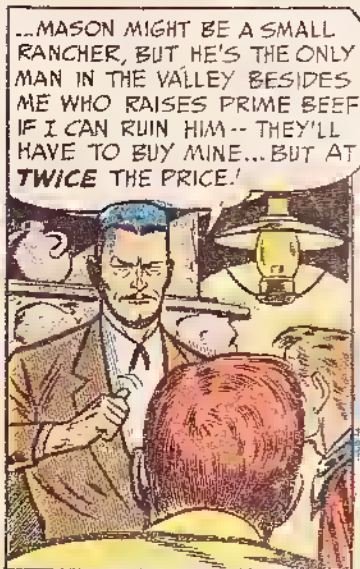
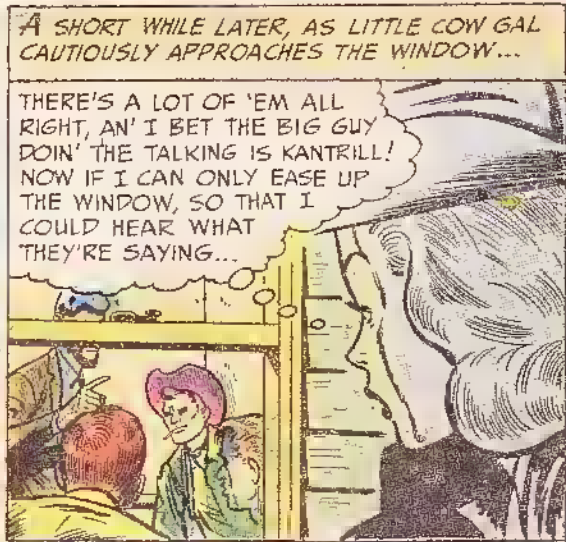
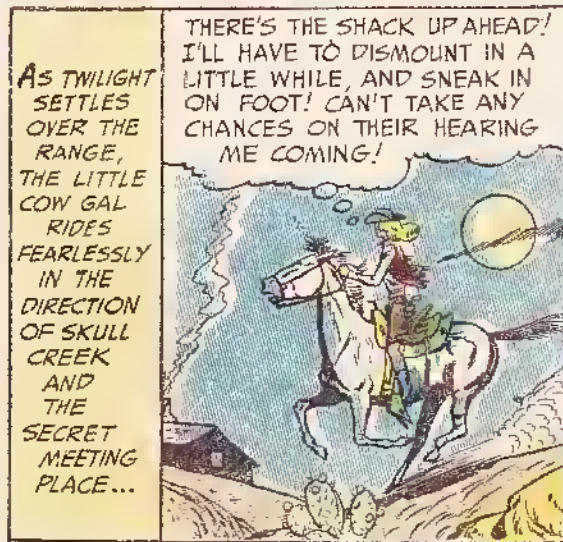
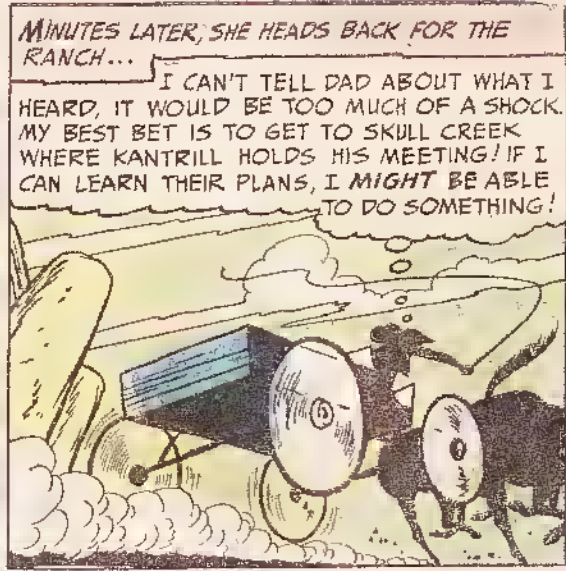
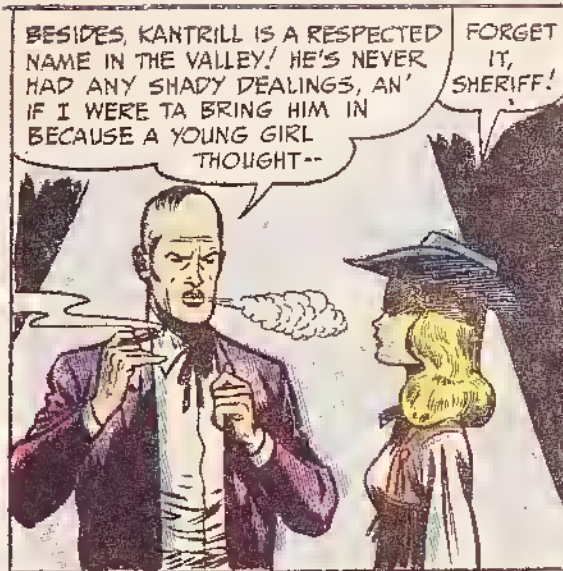
AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

DON'T YOU SEE, SHERIFF, THIS MAN KANTRILL IS AFTER MY FATHER'S HERD! HE'S PROBABLY THE ONE WHO SHOT DAD!

THAT'S A PRETTY SERIOUS CHARGE! WHERE'S YOUR PROOF? I CAN'T ACT JEST ON YOUR HUNCH, GAL!

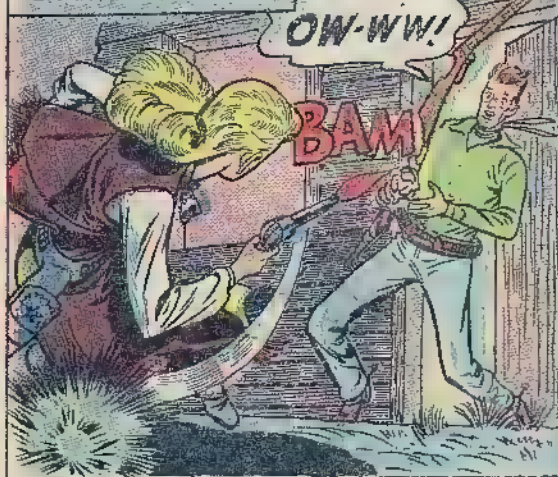


BLACK FURY



BLACK FURY

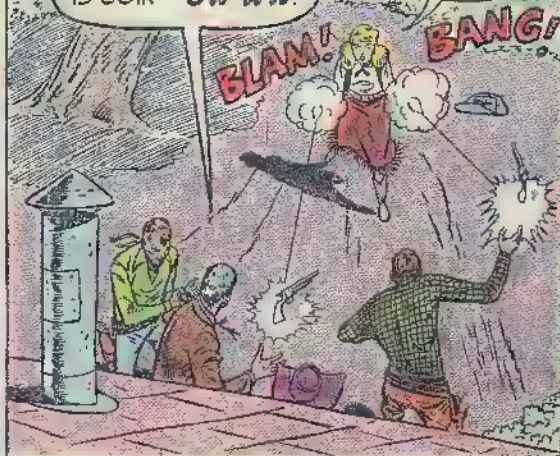
UNWINDFUL OF THE DANGER, LITTLE COW GAL SPINS ABOUT... HER REVOLVER BARKING A DEFIANT CHALLENGE...



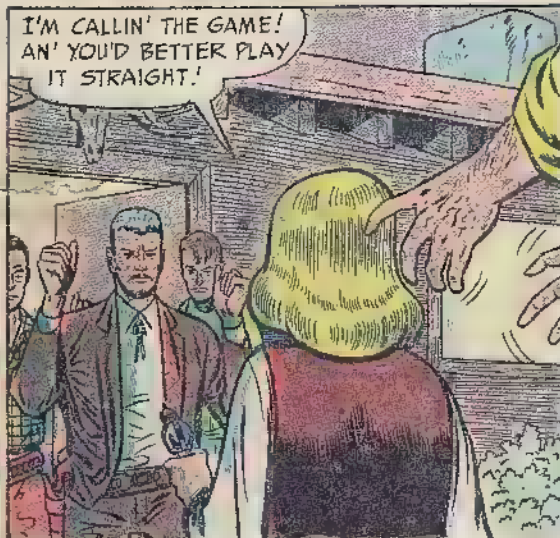
BUT THEN...

DROP THOSE GUNS AND GET YOUR HANDS UP FAST!

WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOIN'-- OW-WW!

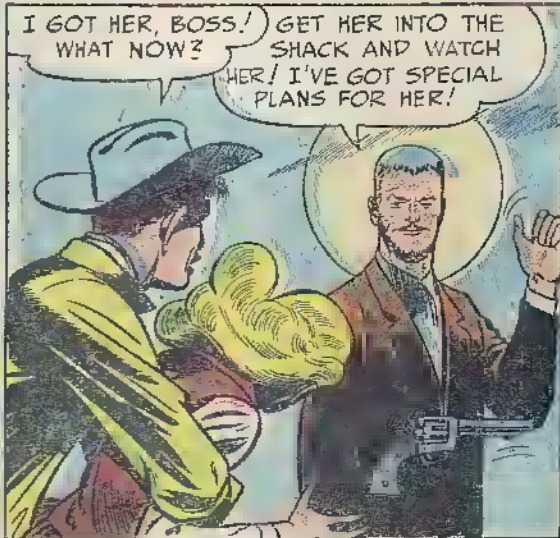


I'M CALLIN' THE GAME! AN' YOU'D BETTER PLAY IT STRAIGHT!



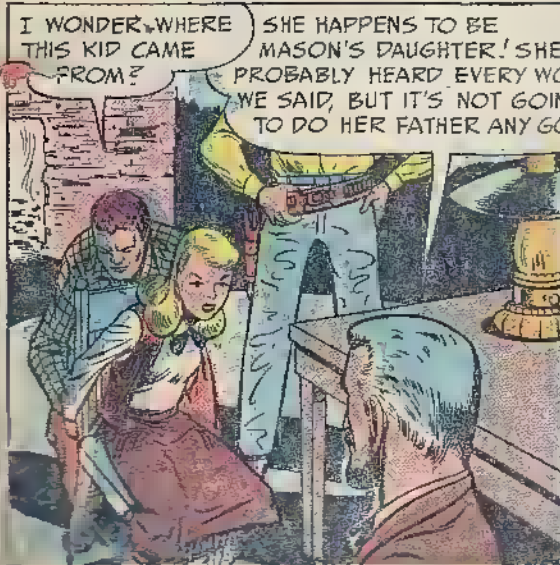
I GOT HER, BOSS! WHAT NOW?

GET HER INTO THE SHACK AND WATCH HER! I'VE GOT SPECIAL PLANS FOR HER!



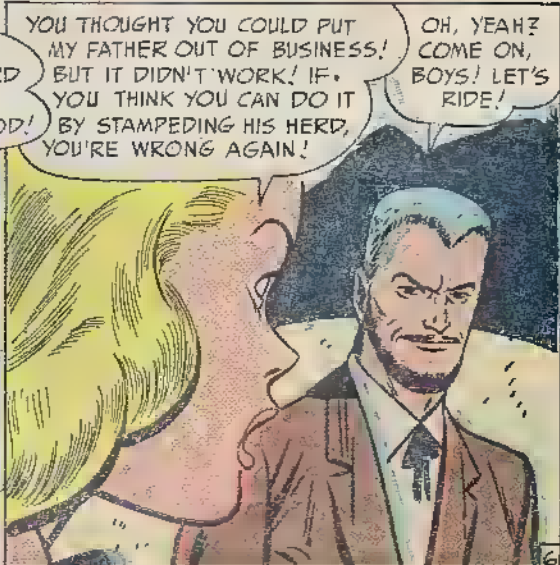
I WONDER WHERE THIS KID CAME FROM?

SHE HAPPENS TO BE MASON'S DAUGHTER! SHE PROBABLY HEARD EVERY WORD WE SAID, BUT IT'S NOT GOIN' TO DO HER FATHER ANY GOOD!



YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PUT MY FATHER OUT OF BUSINESS! BUT IT DIDN'T WORK! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN DO IT BY STAMPEDING HIS HERD, YOU'RE WRONG AGAIN!

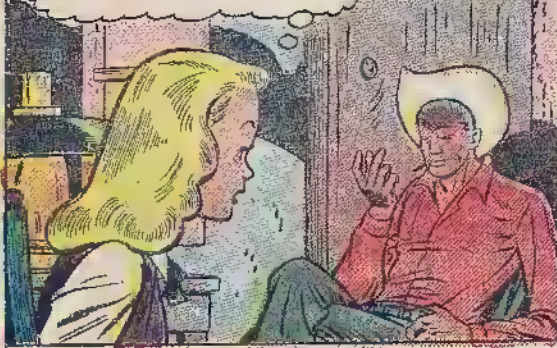
OH, YEAH? COME ON, BOYS! LET'S RIDE!



BLACK FURY

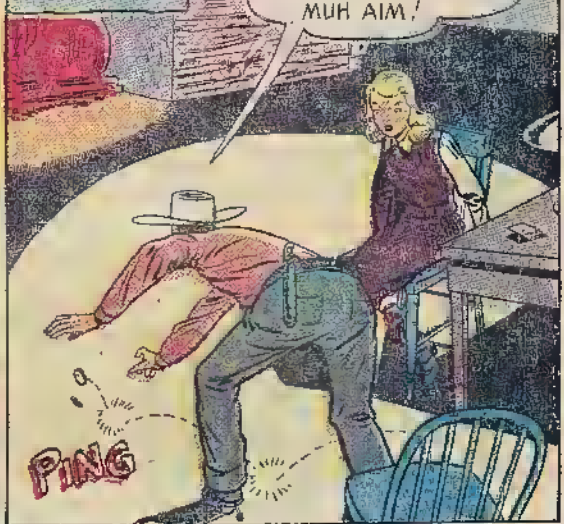
LEFT ALONE WITH A SINGLE GUARD, LITTLE COW GAL PONDER'S HER FATE AS PRECIOUS SECONDS TICK BY...

THE LONGER I'M KEPT HERE, THE BETTER ARE KANTRILL'S CHANCES OF GETTING IN HIS DIRTY WORK! IF I COULD ONLY HAVE ONE LUCKY BREAK, I'D --



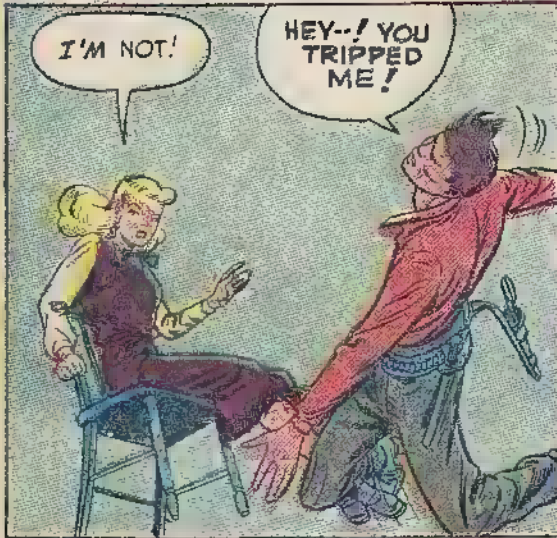
SUDDENLY...

RECKON I'M LOSIN' MUH AIM!

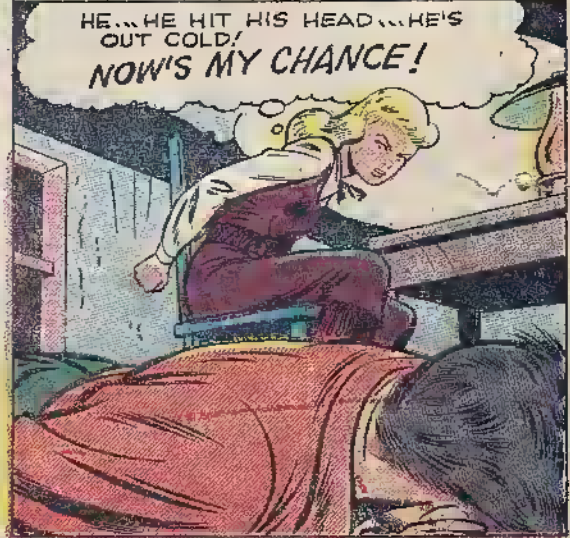


I'M NOT!

HEY--! YOU TRIPPED ME!

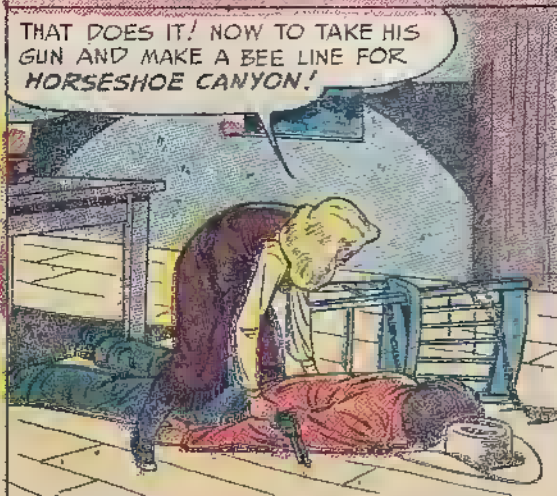


HE... HE HIT HIS HEAD... HE'S OUT COLD! NOW'S MY CHANCE!



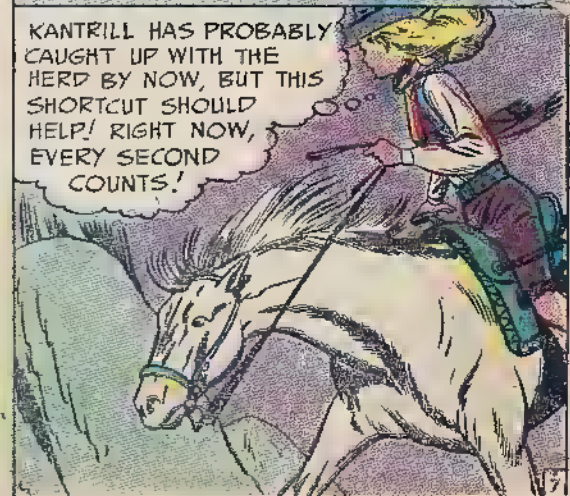
HURRIEDLY, LITTLE COW GAL BENDS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM OF HER CAPTOR.....

THAT DOES IT! NOW TO TAKE HIS GUN AND MAKE A BEE LINE FOR HORSESHOE CANYON!



MINUTES LATER, HORSE AND RIDER DASH FORWARD ALONG A NARROW, WOODED TRAIL...

KANTRILL HAS PROBABLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE HERD BY NOW, BUT THIS SHORTCUT SHOULD HELP! RIGHT NOW, EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



REVERSIBLE AUTO SEAT COVERS

MADE OF FLEXTON — SERVICE GAUGE PLASTIC
FOR LONG WEAR



STYLE 400

Snake-Zebra Design—Printed Plastic can be used on either side. Gives snappy distinctive dress up appearance. Front or Rear Seat only

\$2.98

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Leopard Cowhide design on Printed Flexton Plastic. Leopard on one side, Cowhide on the other. Either side gives beauty to your car's seats. Never gets dirty for it cleans with a whitish of a damp cloth. Front or Rear.

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RUSH

ORDER TODAY!

• Waterproof. Easy to attach to seats for good fit. Roomy and neat. Elastic shirring and reinforced overlap side grips insure over-all seat coverage. Will dress up your car's interior and give protection to seat upholstery. Whisk off mud, oil, sand, grime with a damp rag for bright as new appearance. Sewn with nylon thread for long wear and durability.

ORDER FROM MANUFACTURER AND SAVE!

Choice of split or front seat styles only **\$2.98** each. Complete set for Front & Rear only **\$5.00**. Specify make of car and seat style with each order. Save Money and buy a set today.

5 day Money Back Guarantee!

MARDO SALES CORP., Dept. 85-978
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please, send me seat covers I have marked. I can try for 10 days and return for refund of purchase price if I am not satisfied.

- ☐ Zebra-Snake Design, Reversible
- ☐ Leopard Cowhide Design, Reversible
- ☐ Split Seat \$2.98 ☐ Solid Seat \$2.98
- ☐ Set (Front & Rear) \$5.00
- ☐ I enclose payment ☐ Send C.O.D.

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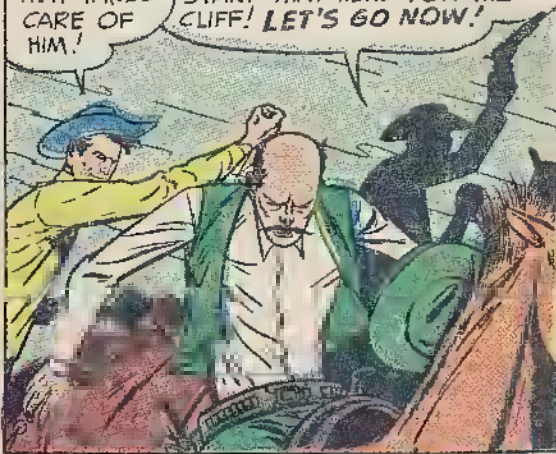
RUSH TODAY! LIMITED OFFER!

BLACK FURY

AND AT THIS MOMENT, KANTRILL MAKES HIS STRIKE...

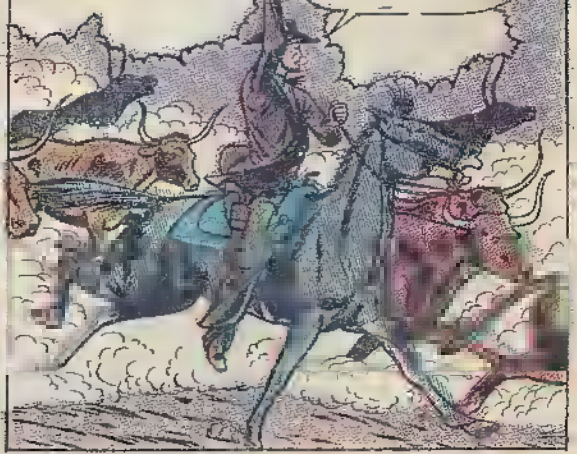
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM!

UP AND AT 'EM, BOYS...AND START THAT HERD FOR THE CLIFF! LET'S GO NOW!



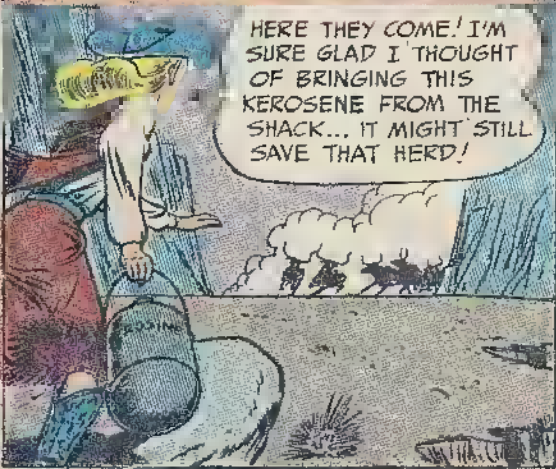
SECONDS LATER...

KEEP THEM GUNS BLAZIN'! THEY'RE HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR THE EDGE!



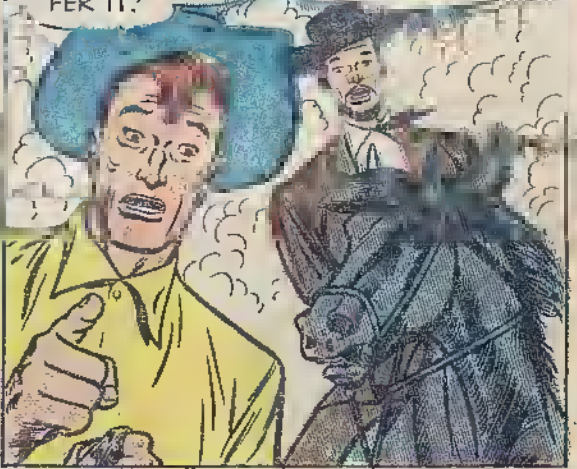
BUT AS THE HERD PLUNGES FORWARD, LITTLE COW-GAL ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...

HERE THEY COME! I'M SURE GLAD I THOUGHT OF BRINGING THIS KEROSENE FROM THE SHACK... IT MIGHT STILL SAVE THAT HERD!



L-LOOK WHAT'S UP AHEAD! WE'RE IN FER IT!

I-I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE--PRONTO!



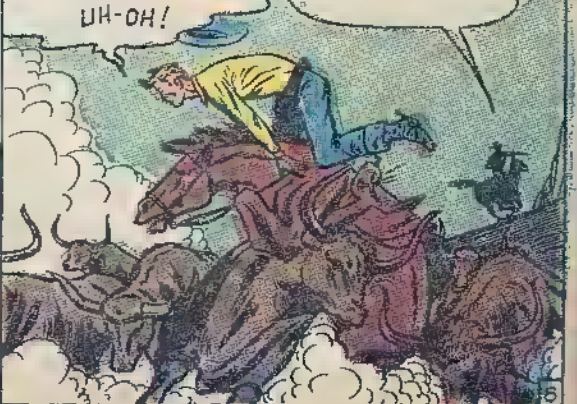
THE FLAMES WILL DO THE TRICK! THEY'LL TURN THE HERD!



AS THE MADDENED HERD REVERSES ITS CHARGE, KANTRILL MAKES HIS BID FOR FREEDOM...

GIT ME OUTA HERE, KANTRILL! I'M ... UH-OH!

TOUGH LUCK, SPAD! I'M LOOKIN' AFTER MY OWN SKIN!



BLACK FURY

BUT THE ESCAPING RANCHER DOESN'T GET FAR...

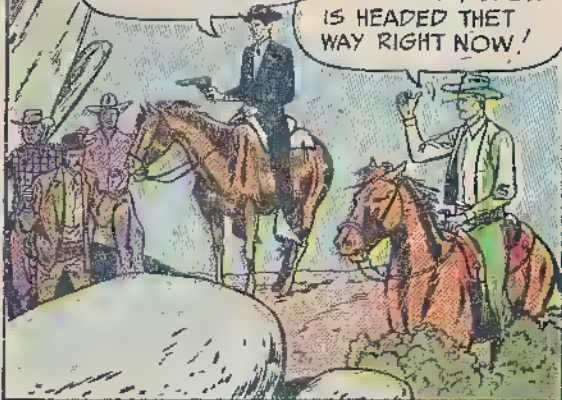
SLIDE OUTA THAT SADDLE, IF I WEREN'T A KANTRILL... AND KEEP THOSE HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR SIDE!

LAW ABIDIN' MAN, SHERIFF, I'D GIVE HIM WHAT HE DESERVES RIGHT NOW!



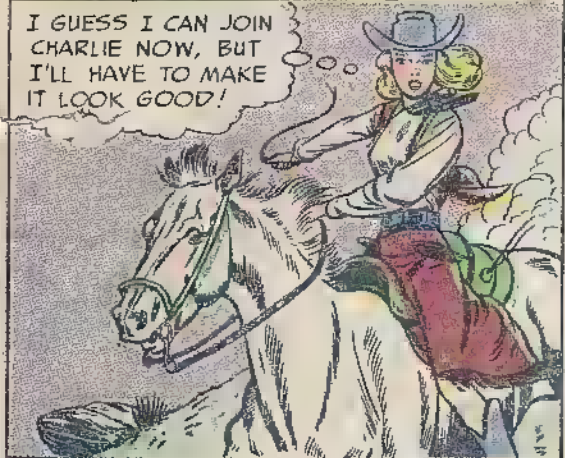
I GUESS WE GOT ALL OF 'EM THAT WEREN'T TRAMPLED! THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THINGS FROM HERE WHILE I HAUL THESE MEN OFF TO JAIL?

RECKON SO, SHERIFF! ONCE THE HERD HITS THE CREEK THEY'LL SLOW DOWN! MY CREW IS HEADED THAT WAY RIGHT NOW!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, AS THE COWHANDS ROUND UP THE SCATTERED HERD...

I GUESS I CAN JOIN CHARLIE NOW, BUT I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!



CHARLIE--I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS!

WHA--? WHY, IF IT AIN'T THE LITTLE BOSS HERSELF!



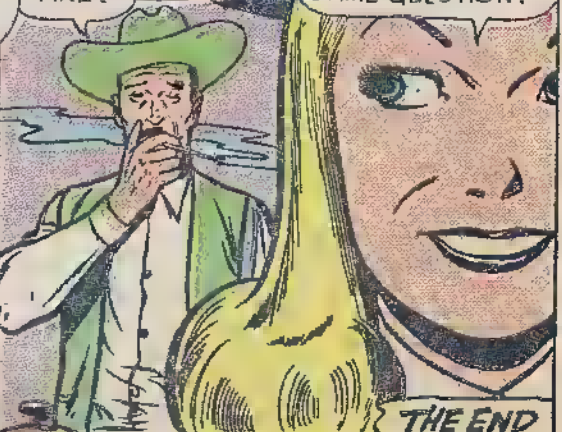
KANTRILL IS PLANNING TO STAMPEDE THE HERD!

HE TRIED, HONEY--BUT HE FLOPPED! LUCKY FER US SHERIFF PAYNE SPOTTED THAT RANGE FIRE AND CAME OVER FER A LOOK! CAUGHT THE WHOLE BUNCH RED-HANDED. ANYWAY THE HERD'S AS SAFE AS C'N BE!

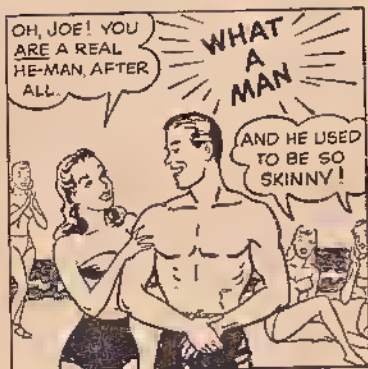
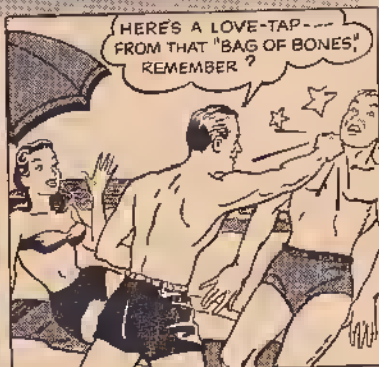
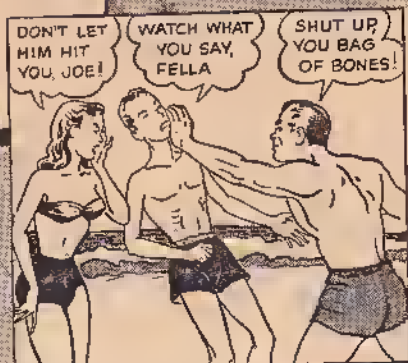


THAT'S ONLY ONE THING I DON'T GET! WHO IN THE DICKENS COULD'VE STARTED THAT FIRE?

THAT'S FUNNY, CHARLIE! I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU EXACTLY THE SAME QUESTION!



THE END



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CHARLES ATLAS

Author of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 3250, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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